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Gomell







# THE SCENERY OF GREECE

AND ITS ISLANDS,

ILLUSTRATED BY FIFTY VIEWS,

SKETCHED FROM NATURE, EXECUTED ON STEEL, AND DESCRIBED EN ROUTE,

WITH A MAP OF THE COUNTRY.

BY WILLIAM LINTON,

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF ATHENS:

AUTHOR OF "ANCIENT AND MODERN COLOURS," &c.

---

" And yet how lovely —  
Land of lost gods and godlike men! art thou!  
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,  
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favorite now;  
Thy fanes, thy temples, to thy surface bow,  
Commingle slowly with heroic earth——

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;  
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields."—BYRON.

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LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY THE ARTIST,

7, LODGE PLACE, ST. JOHN'S WOOD ROAD.

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R

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PRINTED BY HARRISON AND SONS,  
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TO RICHARD ELLISON,

OF SUDBROOKE HOLME, IN THE COUNTY OF LINCOLN, ESQUIRE,

*&c., &c., &c.,*

A DISTINGUISHED PROMOTER OF THE FINE ARTS OF HIS COUNTRY,

THIS WORK IS

DEDICATED,

WITH FEELINGS OF GRATITUDE, RESPECT, AND ESTEEM.



## P R E F A C E.

THESE specimens of the Scenery of Greece were selected from upwards of three hundred Sketches, taken in almost every district of that interesting country. Those subjects have been preferred which appeared to unite the greatest amount of picturesque grandeur or beauty with the most stirring or the most pleasing associations. They are arranged in the order in which they were visited by the Artist; and the letter-press which accompanies them, (and which consists chiefly of the observations which were recorded on the spot, together with a few of the most useful extracts which he had previously compiled for travel), is designed to comprehend a brief digest of the more prominent reminiscences, historical or poetical, connected with the several scenes; while an union between them has been attempted, by short notices of the intervening scenery and antiquities, to render the excursion more intelligible and satisfactory as a whole.

In this delightful region the Graces scattered their favours over the forms of things, as well as over the minds of men—

“ For Nature here  
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will  
Her virgin fancies ——  
Wild above rule or art.”—MILTON.

“ Greece combines, in the highest degree, every feature essential to the finest beauties of landscape. Travellers of taste have wanted words to describe the magnificence of the views which it affords. Its mountains, encircled with zones of wood and capped with snow, though below the Alps in absolute height, are, perhaps, as imposing from the suddenness of

their elevation. Rich sheltered plains lie at their feet. But it is in the combination of these more common features, with so many spacious and beautiful inland bays and seas, broken by headlands, enclosed by mountains, and speckled and studded with islands in every variety of magnitude, form, and distance, that Greece surpasses every other country in Europe, and, perhaps, in the world. The effect of such scenery, aided by a serene sky and delicious climate, on the character of the Greeks cannot be doubted. ‘Under the influence of so many sublime objects, the human mind becomes gifted as by inspiration, and is by nature filled with poetical ideas.’ Greece became the birth-place of taste, science, and eloquence, the chosen sanctuary of the Muses, the prototype of all that is graceful, dignified, and grand, in sentiment and action.”<sup>1</sup>

“Genius has breathed over it a perfume sweeter than the thyme of its own hills—has painted it with a beauty surpassing that of earth—rendered its atmosphere redolent for ever of human greatness and human glory—and cast so dazzling an illusion over its very dust and ruins, that they appear more beautiful than the richest scenes and the most perfect structures of other lands.”<sup>2</sup>

————— “O! attend,  
 Whoe’er thou art whom these delights can touch,  
 Whose candid bosom the refining love  
 Of Nature warms;  
 And I will guide thee to her favorite walks,  
 And point her loveliest features to thy view.”—AKENSIDE.

7, LODGE PLACE,  
 ST. JOHN’S WOOD ROAD.

<sup>1</sup> *Travels in Greece and Turkey*, by Dr. E. D. Clarke, of Cambridge, and others.

<sup>2</sup> *The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Greeks*, by J. A. St. John.



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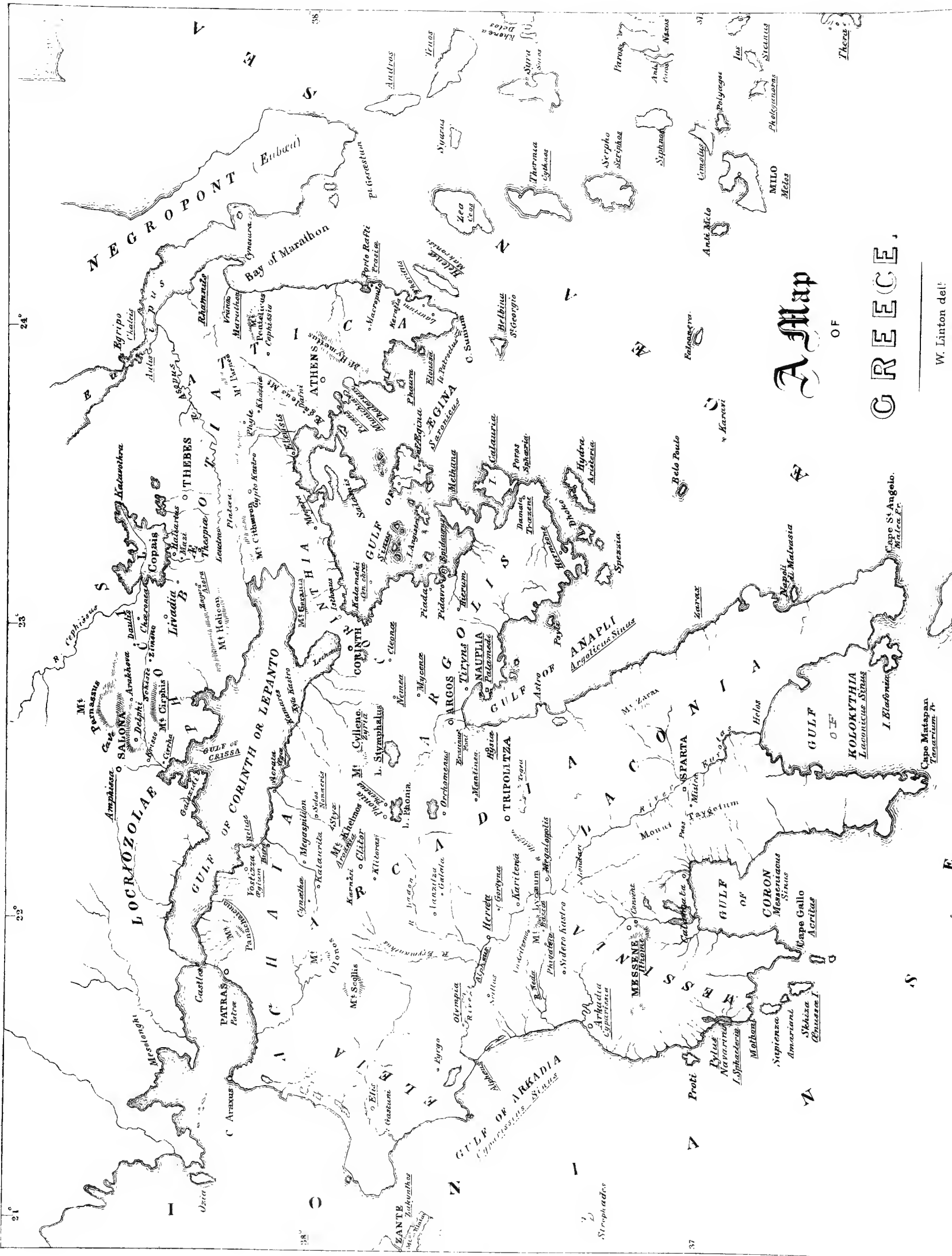
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# A Map

OF

# GREECE.

W. Linton del.

22°

23°

24°

25°

26°

27°

28°

29°







## THE SCENERY OF GREECE.

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THE Tour of Greece is usually commenced either from Corfou or from Athens. The former route is the one selected by those who arrive at the Ionian Islands through Germany or Northern Italy, the latter by travellers who take Malta and probably Southern Italy in their course. It is perhaps preferable to commence with the Greek metropolis under any circumstances, since it will be found the most convenient centre from which the several detached tours of the country may be made; being the best place also to obtain guides, horses, and provisions, and the safest as a depository for extra luggage. This arrangement will prevent the traveller from being disappointed at the outset by privations which would be very likely to confront him, if, in order to save distance, he landed on any obscure part of the coast; since the same steamer would, in another day, convey him round the Morea to Athens. As the most interesting locality in all Greece too, Athens demands the tourist's freshest and best attentions. A short residence here cannot fail to confirm his most ardent expectations, whilst it will enable him to prepare for his perambulations in the provinces. In Athens only will he be able to furnish his canteen, to purchase his bedding and cooking utensils, and make such other arrangements as may ensure him the least possible discomfort when he finds himself in the wilds, far away from house and home:—and from Athens he must take his letters of introduction to the various officials at the different towns and villages, whose hospitable attentions are ever ready to “welcome the coming,” though not to “speed the parting, guest.”

After the tourist has pursued his ocean track about two hundred miles

to the eastward of Malta, the bold and rocky headlands of the Morea are the first objects which salute him on his approach to the classic shores of Greece; and the mountains of Maina, o'ertopped by the giant Taigeton, form the highest group that presents itself. On the left, the hills of Navarino are seen rising out of the blue waters; while the island of Cerigo (Cytheræa), with the opposite heights of ancient Sparta, appear, as he advances, to close the scene. Every island, rock, and mountain, now assumes an intense interest—an interest which nothing less than Greece and her associations can excite.

Several of the Cyclades, as he passes, will perhaps tempt him to wish for a private steamer, to make the tour of the whole of the islands of the Archipelago. Luxuries like these, however, are seldom at the beck of those who can appreciate them, and, of course, mostly sighed for by those who are only too glad to obtain a glance at such interesting scenes as they are best able. The promontory of Sunium, on the threshold of Attica, crowned by its beautiful temple of white marble, is the first point to attract the attention. The island of Belbina (Agios Giorgios) on the left, Patroclus (Guidaronesi) on the right, as he passes the cape, and Ægina, with its peaked mountain, Oros, in front. The fine forms of the mountains on each side of the bay, will further assure him that the reputation of Greece for those beautiful landscape elements is not the mere suggestion of fancy.

The temple of Jupiter Panhellenius exhibits itself on an elevated hilly range of the island of Ægina, surrounded by stunted brushwood; and soon afterwards Salamis<sup>1</sup> stretches out its brown and rocky hills in front, the low islet of Lipsocutali (Psyttalia)<sup>2</sup> lying at its base. As the tourist enters the Piræan harbour, he will observe the throne of Xerxes on Mount Ægaleus, which appears on the right of the little island,<sup>3</sup> and immediately over the great circular tomb, erected to the Athenians who fell at Salamis, on the western peninsula of the harbour.

“A king sat on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
And ships by thousands lay below,  
And men in nations:—all were his!  
He counted them at break of day—  
And when the sun set, where were they?”—BYRON.

<sup>1</sup> “Salamis hath many high rocks and cliffs, but withall several fruitful valleys running between them.”—SIR GEORGE WHEELER.

<sup>2</sup> “The promontory beyond Lipsocutali, Cynosura, yet contains the ruins of the trophy erected after the battle of Salamis. It was a column on a circular base. There is a tower on the main-land opposite.”—SIR WILLIAM GELL.

<sup>3</sup> “Exactly opposite Psyttalia, on an eminence, is a heap, where was placed the seat of Xerxes.”—ID.

On the eastern peninsula, which he has just passed (the promontory of Munychia), several frusta of the column dedicated to Themistocles may be seen near the water's edge, among antique tombs or sarcophagi cut in the living rock.

But this rich succession of stirring sights, enough for a whole tour in any other district of the globe, is soon cast into shade by the first glimpse of the Acropolis and Parthenon, looming as it were over the newly-restored seaport, and backed by Mounts Lycabettus, Pentelicus, and Hymettus.<sup>1</sup>

The three ancient harbours, with their numberless but almost shapeless antiquities, as foundations of walls and towers, cisterns, baths, granaries, &c., will probably induce a separate visit, when the tourist has abated his enthusiasm by a few days' sojourn in the metropolis of ancient art.

## NORTHERN GREECE.

### ATTICA.

"While, strictly speaking, Attica occupies a space in the map which is hardly perceptible, to how many square miles, or rather thousands of square miles, in the social and political geography of the world, does Attica extend! There exists not a corner in the civilized world which is not, as it were, breathed on by the air of Attica. Its influence makes itself felt in the thoughts, and shows itself in the speech, of men, and it will never cease to do so; it is not enough to say that it lives in the inspiration of the poet, in the eloquence of the orator, and in the speculations of the philosopher. Besides this, it is the soul which animates and informs the most beautiful creations of art. The works of the architect and of the sculptor, in every quarter of the globe, speak of Attica; of Attica, the temples, and palaces, and council-rooms of capital cities, give sensible witness—and will do for ever. The genius of the Athenians made their speech universal; the treasures which they deposited in it rendered its acquisition essential to all: and thus the sway, unlimited in extent and invincible in power, which was wielded over the universe by the arms of Rome, was exercised over Rome itself by the arts of Athens."—DR. WORDSWORTH.

### ATHENS.

"————— Behold  
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,  
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,  
ATHENS—the eye of Greece, mother of arts."—MILTON.

THE huge walls of Piræus, and the olive grove of Academe, obtain a passing glance as the tourist is whirled along the new road to the Athenian capital. Here the architectural glories of the Acropolis are the first to arrest his attention—those illustrious monuments, from the canons of

<sup>1</sup> The Acropolis is estimated at 579 English feet above the sea; Lycabettus, 903 feet; Mount Parnes, 4592; Mount Pentelicus, 3637; and Mount Hymettus, 3341.—See "Greece as a Kingdom," by Frederick Strong, 1842: a very elaborate volume on the resources of revolutionized Greece.

whose exquisite symmetry there is no appeal, even to this day ; and whose sculptural decorations (probably enjoying too high a renown to be permitted to encounter the hazards of war) have long since been removed to give law to British art—while the Turkish hovels, which till recently defiled the splendours of the sacred peribolus, are all swept away ; the propylæa cleared of the barbarous fortifications with which it was enveloped, and the Ægæan and the mountains, and the Piræus, are seen through its snowy columns, as in days of yore—the little Temple of Victory without wings also, risen from its grave in its original substance as well as form ; and the marble chariot-way, up which the Panathenaic procession used to pass to the shrine of Minerva, exposed to the light of day after an inhumation of centuries !

“Come, blue-eyed maid of Heaven ! . . . .  
Goddess of Wisdom ! here thy temple was,  
And is, despite of war and wasting fire.”—BYRON.

The beautiful little Temple of Theseus next presents itself to the traveller's attention—the columns of Jupiter Olympius, the most majestic ruin in Athens—the little gem of Lysicrates, entirely freed from its former rubbish—the portico of the Agora—the Clepsydra—the Academy—the Pnyx—the Areopagus—the Musæum, and the Stadium.

Besides these relics of antiquity, there are grottos, caves, and foundations in abundance : the former exist as in ancient days, while many of the latter depend for their names upon the various readings of Pausanias, who describes them in a tour through the city from a particular gate of entrance about the site of which classical antiquarians are not agreed. The Roman forum delights in a similar uncertainty with respect to the names attached to its ruins : as an eminent author remarks, they are made to change sides and back again, like the votaries of Terpsichore ; baths are turned into palaces at pleasure, palaces into temples ; whilst, at a century's end, their dance is concluded, and they are all recognized in the same places again.

The kings of Naples seem to have taken a hint from their antiquarian neighbours of Rome ; but instead of exhuming the treasures of Herculaneum and Pompeii at once, and then depending upon a change of names for future attraction, they have proceeded with greater caution, occupying as much time as possible in their excavations, and yet so ingeniously managing them as to keep public anxiety constantly alive. At Athens, however, the whole secret is out ; and, except from the little contentions about Pausanias and his giro, nothing new in the way of discovery is looked for of any

importance. But the monuments of the Cecropian citadel need no metamorphoses to sustain their world-wide reputation and interest, for they are the noblest ever erected by man, and that alone insures them a prestige which no evolutions of fashion can shake, and no scholastic controversies obscure. There is a quality of artistic mind about these great works, that will reign triumphant as long as good taste is to be found, whether they were dedicated to gods, heroes, or demons. They are not valued for their mere antiquity, but for their intellectual worth; they are the landmarks that tell of an æra when man put forth his greatest powers, and achieved the greatest glories in art. They are not the offspring of a capricious and unbridled fancy; but elaborate compositions based on the demands of fitness and propriety, adorned by the most beautiful invention, and perfected by the soundest taste. The temporary prejudices of peoples and classes have left no mark upon them but what may be considered universal. Their excellences are not esteemed from their being definable by dates, or traceable to epochs; but because they are based upon those immutable principles which belong to all time; principles that are as new to-day as they were twenty centuries ago; and which, unless the world again relapses into barbarism, will never cease to be appreciated and revered.

It is much to be regretted that the tourist's first visit to the Acropolis should not be one of unalloyed pleasure. Time and war, those fell destroyers both of man and his works, require no assistance in their machinations: for these he comes in a measure prepared; but he is keenly alive to the dilapidations which have been entailed upon the antiquities by the tasteless rapacity of dilettanti travellers. The mutilators of fingers and toes, of ears and noses, the authors of "elegant extracts" from celebrated statues, now rank only as vulgar aspirants to dilettanti distinction; but the purloiner of a group, or what is far more heroic, the appropriator of a thousand statues, is sure to command a meed of fame which none can dare to dispute. The very magnitude of the mischief overpowers complaint, and criticism is disarmed and awed into submission, if not approval.<sup>1</sup>

When Spon and Wheeler visited Athens (in 1676), the Parthenon was entire!

<sup>1</sup> "Such rapacity is a crime against all ages and all generations; it deprives the past of the trophies of their genius, and the title deeds of their fame; the present of the strongest inducements to exertion, the noblest exhibitions that curiosity can contemplate; the future of the masterpieces of art, the models of imitation. To guard against the repetition of such depredations is the wish of every man of genius, the duty of every man in power, and the common interest of every civilized nation."—EUSTACE'S *Classical Tour in Italy*.

To effect this desirable object, and establish a museum for the disconnected and fragmental antiquities of all Greece, the Archæological Society of Athens was established some years ago, each member

## PLATE I.—ATHENS FROM THE ACADEMY.

"See there the olive grove of Academe,  
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird  
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long."—MILTON.

THE Academic Grove is as flourishing as ever in its natural products, and its present proprietor, who has a most delightful casino among the trees, the walls of which he has ornamented with many a beautiful sculptured relic of the best ages, collected in this his territory, neglects no means of preserving its character as a pleasant suburban retreat.<sup>1</sup> A rough pile of masonry near the road-side constitutes the only visible relic of the ancient wall.<sup>2</sup> From the known longevity of the olive, however, some of which are ascertained to have lived upwards of a thousand years, we may discover more characteristic and more lively remembrances of the classic grove, in the present leafy generation (which is probably only the next in descent from the very trees which sheltered the great philosophers of antiquity), than in a shapeless heap of stones.

This view of Athens is from the first floor of the casino, overlooking "the grove;" and comprises the Acropolis with the Temple of Minerva-

being pledged to oppose the future removal of antiquities from the country; and when such personages as the Kings of Prussia and Denmark are honorary presidents, and such individuals are on the list of members as the ambassadors of England, France, America, and Russia, with Thorwaldsen, Champollion, Pouqueville, Lamartine, Leake, Inglis, Wordsworth, &c., besides members of both branches of the British Legislature, it may be reasonably hoped that the object will be attained, and that the Thesæum will, in the course of time (like the Studii of Naples, the receptacle for the wonders of Pompeii and Herculaneum) become a national Greek collection, of European reputation and importance.

A Royal Ordinance of May 1834, contains regulations, from which the following are extracts:—All Hellenic antiquities existing in Greece are considered as the property of the nation.—Local officers, called "Conservators of Antiquities," are appointed in every province, under the "Conservator General," (Γενικός Εφορος) who is subordinate only to the Minister of Public Instruction.—Whoever finds antiquities in excavating, &c., to report the same within three days to the local conservator, under a penalty, &c.—All antiquities discovered in future, or known at present to exist in Greece, are strictly prohibited from being exported to a foreign country, under penalties, &c.—Private possessors of antiquities are forbidden to destroy, mutilate, or otherwise damage, ruins and objects of art on their property, &c.

Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, whose hospitable reception of his fellow countrymen who visited Greece during his diplomatic career at Athens will long be remembered, evinced a strong attachment to this rising society and museum, and neglected no opportunity of inducing dilettanti travellers to forward their findings to the Thesæum. What a happy thought it was to consecrate so lovely a monument to the relics of the mighty genius of the country that produced it!—the most perfect, and perhaps the most beautiful, of all the temples of antiquity now left.

*Geology of Attica.*—The Acropolis is a calcareous conglomerate. Pentelicus and Hymettus, compact limestone; clay-slate, serpentine, sienite, and porphyry, in Eubœa, farther north. All the range of hills that traverse Attica are of primitive limestone, mica-slate beneath. Pentelicus is the purest white; Hymettus inferior; Acropolis, and Anchesmus or Lycabettus, still inferior.

The marble of Pentelicus and Hymettus rests on a stratum of micaceous schist of unknown thickness, which seems to run throughout the whole of Attica, and to form the base of all its mountains.

<sup>1</sup> "A scene more delightful can scarcely be conceived than the gardens on the banks of the Cephissus, which extend from the site of the Academy up to the very hills of the Colonos."—THE REV. — HUGHES.

<sup>2</sup> Of Hipparchus.





















Parthenon, beneath which is seen the Temple of Theseus: the Areopagus and Musæum hill are on the right, the hill Colonos<sup>1</sup> on the left, and Mount Hymettus in the distance.

## PLATE II.—CALLIRHOE.

### THE FOUNTAIN OF ENNEACRAUNUS.

"There Ilyssus rolls  
His whispering stream."—MILTON.

THIS wildly picturesque little fall of water is on the classic stream Ilyssus, just below the Eleusinium,<sup>2</sup> and near the peribolus of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius. The mass of rock over which the rivulet falls, shelters a small spring of pure water, which in ancient times flowed through nine pipe-holes (*ἐννεάκρουντοι*) to the city.<sup>3</sup> The rocks are richly varied in colour, and with the little cascade (after a shower of rain) and the columns of Jupiter Olympius, which rise on the left, contribute a pretty study for the painter.<sup>4</sup> The water was formerly used for sacred lustrations, but is now employed for profane ones, as the sketcher will in all probability discover; the Albanian washerwomen of Athens not failing to take advantage of so necessary an element when it is to be obtained.<sup>5</sup> Since the olive trees on Mount Hymettus have been removed, the waters of this stream are said to have greatly diminished, so that, except in wet seasons, almost the only supply is from the spring just mentioned. The Stadium is a short distance above, and on high ground; a few yards lower down the stream, there used to be seen, some fifty years ago, a beautiful little Ionic temple of white marble, then, or not long before, if we may judge by Stuart's work, protected by Christian sanctity; since which time the temple and church have both fled. The shores of this rocky bed are arid and almost grassless, ill responding to the shadowy spot over which the high and spreading plane-tree in full flower, which Socrates describes, shed its fragrant

<sup>1</sup> Of Sophocles. *Œdip.* Col. 668.

<sup>2</sup> "Vestiges of the Eleusinium or Temple of Ceres still remain on the Island of the Ilyssus, above the fall."—COL. LEAKE.

More recent travellers have removed the Eleusinium from the rocky bed of the Ilyssus to the large cave under the south-eastern angle of the Acropolis. The range of rocks which descend perpendicularly from the walls surrounding the great Athenian temenos show, in many places along their base, large caves or hollows, all of which have long had their patron deities assigned them, except the largest, which is here referred to. It is a most picturesque spot; the rocks and walls above, with the rugged débris below, unite in constituting a fine artistic display of colour. Pausanias also mentions a Temple of Triptolemus; and Herodotus a Temple to Boreas on the river Ilyssus (7. 189).

<sup>3</sup> Sir William Gell says the fount might even now be restored, the water passing off to the gardens on the Piræan road in subterranean channels.

<sup>4</sup> "The rocks are still inviting to the painter."—H. W. WILLIAMS.

<sup>5</sup> Dr. Wordsworth quotes an inscription found in 1759, showing the practice to have prevailed in ancient times.—*Athens and Attica.*

perfumes.<sup>1</sup> The Ilyssus was doubtless well protected from the summer heats at that period, by a profuse growth of trees up to its very source; like the stream from the Hieron of Esculapius, at the present day, which is thoroughly sheltered by the most beautiful flowering trees and shrubs, all the way down to the sea at Epidaurus; some of them are oleanders nearly twenty feet high, these being again protected in their turn by trees of a larger growth, a fine current of water constantly flowing beneath. But there are no inhabitants near the course of this beautiful rivulet in Argolis, to misdirect the bounties of nature, by robbing the banks of their umbrageous protectors.<sup>2</sup>

### PLATE III.—THE “OLYMPIEION.”

“Stands, roofless to the sky, thy home, Olympian Jove!  
Thy columned aisles with whispers of the past  
Are vocal.           \*           \*           \*  
A thousand and a thousand years have swept  
O’er thee, who wert a moral from thy spring,  
A wreck in youth!”—T. K. HERVEY.

PAUSANIAS<sup>3</sup> informs us that the original Temple of Jupiter Olympius at Athens was commonly believed to have been built by Deucalion (1503 before Christ), in the consecrated grove inclosing the cavern through which the waters of the deluge of Deucalion disappeared.<sup>4</sup> He also adds that Deucalion died at Athens, and that his tomb was not far from the temple. On the same site, the foundation of another temple to the same deity was begun by Pisistratus,<sup>5</sup> about 550 years before the Christian æra. Pericles, a century later, seems to have rendered no assistance to its advancement. Livy<sup>6</sup> states that Antiochus Epiphanes, 170 years before Christ, contributed largely towards the completion of the temple; and Vitruvius adds, that a Roman citizen named Cossutius designed and carried on the building for the Syrian sovereign. Pliny records that Sylla, 70 years before

<sup>1</sup> PLATO’S *Phædrus*.

<sup>2</sup> “As we examined the channel of the river for a considerable extent, we found it to exhibit such evident traces of a powerful current having run among the solid substance of its rocky bed, that we were convinced it could not formerly have been characterized by the appearance it now exhibits, namely, that of an occasional torrent, sometimes dry throughout the entire year.”—DR. CLARKE.

The writer noticed the same indications of a once copious stream or torrent, which led him to believe in the plane-tree of Socrates; and he was informed by a high authority at Athens, that the sides of Hymettus, where the stream has its source, were covered with olive and other trees only a century ago, though the whole district is now entirely bare. The now bald Island of Salamis is said to have been covered with olives fifty years since. The effect of trees upon all climates is too well known to need a remark.

<sup>3</sup> Lib. i.

<sup>4</sup> “The flood of Deucalion, whether a physical or political revolution, who shall determine?”—DR. WORDSWORTH.

<sup>5</sup> Vitruvius, præm. to lib. vii.

<sup>6</sup> Lib. xli, c. 20.



















Christ, took away some of the columns from the then uncompleted edifice, to adorn the new Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, at Rome.<sup>1</sup> In the reign of Augustus Cæsar, another effort was made to finish the building, which proved unsuccessful.<sup>2</sup> At last however, under the auspices of Hadrian (A.D. 138), after a lapse of nearly seven centuries from the time of Pisistratus, the temple was completed. Pausanias says that Hadrian built the naos, and set up the statue of Jupiter. This was the largest temple ever built in honour of the supreme pagan deity, and one of the four most magnificent of classic antiquity. The other three were those of Diana at Ephesus, Apollo near Miletus, and Ceres at Eleusis. The whole edifice was of Pentelic marble, 354 feet long by 171 feet broad, supported by 120 columns,<sup>3</sup> each above 60 feet high, and more than six feet in diameter.<sup>4</sup> The architecture is Corinthian, and of excellent taste and workmanship.<sup>5</sup> The stones of the substructions of the peribolus have been taken from older buildings, as the remains of very ancient inscriptions on many of them prove.<sup>6</sup> Sixteen columns, with their capitals and portions of the entablature connecting them, are all that remain of this stupendous edifice. One of them was blown down by a hurricane in 1852. The view here given, is from the right bank of the Ilyssus, near the Eleusinium; and includes, from left to right of the picture, the hills of Salamis and the Musæum, the Olympeium, the Acropolis with the Parthenon, the arch of Hadrian and modern town of Athens, with the range of Mount Parnes in the distance.

#### PLATE IV.—SUNIUM.

“Ἄλλ’ ὅτε Σούνιον ἱερὸν ἀφικόμεθ’ ἄκρον Ἀῆγῶν.”—*Hom. Od. 3.*

THE tourist now prepares for his visit to Sunium, in which, from the difficulties of the path, he is obliged to consume three days. A barren ride round the eastern end of Hymettus, brings him in a few hours to Porto Rapti (ant. Prasizæ), after passing the village of Makropulo. The shores, the hills, the island, are deserted and bare. The sea and sky, and the naked bay, are all that are left of the splendours of the scene that witnessed the departure of the Theoria of Nicias for Delos; one of the most gorgeous dedications of classic antiquity. Excepting some cultivated

<sup>1</sup> Vitruvius, præm. lib. xxxvi. c. 6.

<sup>2</sup> Suetonius, in Vit. Aug.

<sup>3</sup> Lib. i.

<sup>4</sup> Wilkins' Atheniensia.

<sup>5</sup> The architectural world is indebted to the enterprising spirit of Mr. Vulliamy, the distinguished architect, who, with his friend, Captain Edward Jones, ascended the columns and obtained the details of the capital and entablature, in the year 1820.

<sup>6</sup> Sir William Gell's Itinerary of Greece.

<sup>7</sup> But when Athena's temple we came nigh,  
Glistening on Sunium's height, against the sky.

landscape on departing from the wretched hovel<sup>1</sup> at Keratià, all is sterile as before ; the remains of a theatre and a Doric temple at Thoricus, one of the twelve ancient towns of Attica, and some acres of cinders spread over the ground where the ancient silver mines of Laurion were worked, are nearly all that ensure a cursory notice until the distant columns of Sunium glisten in the sky.

“Save where Tritonia’s airy shrine adorns  
Colonna’s cliff, and gleams along the wave.”—BYRON.

On a bold and rocky headland, at the embouchure of the Athenian estuary, stand the remains of the white marble Doric Temple of Minerva Suniade. They consist of fourteen columns, and one in antis; the ruins of its propylæa are also visible, as well as the walls of the town or demos.<sup>2</sup> From the summit of its elevated platform, almost down to the water’s edge, its glittering remains, intermingled with bushes of mastic, low cedars, and evergreens, are seen scattered about in every direction. The peribolus of the temple of Sunium affords a most extensive prospect of sea and islands and mountains.

“Place me on Sunium’s marbled steep,  
Where nothing save the waves and I  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;  
There, swanlike, let me sing and die.”<sup>3</sup>—BYRON.

<sup>1</sup> To and from Sunium the tourist must plant his bed where he is able, and unless he can make himself happy under the coarsest fare, he had better look after his canteen. People live so much out of doors in this climate, that to obtain a roof to keep off the dew, is almost as much as should be expected among the cottages. The mansion-house of the Demark or Mayor of Keratià was the first provincial abode whose hospitality the writer sought in Greece. An arched entrance, with large gates, received his little cavalcade. The building consisted of a square inclosure of high walls of stone, against the inner sides of which were attached sloping roofs or sheds all around, some of them closed in front, having each a door; others had arched fronts, with boarded floors. Northern travellers prefer being closed up from the outward air, a little experience generally corrects this desire. The horses stood with their saddles on all night, near a well in the middle of the square. The mayor and mayoress, their daughter, and a priest her husband, with two brothers, in their daily habiliments, all lay at full length on the boarded floor beneath the arcade, sleeping soundly.

To remedy the inconveniences and discomforts of a Grecian tour, there is nothing so effectual as a well-provisioned tent, with troops of friends, and servants, and horses; but the tented traveller, though he may see the country, is kept aloof from the people, in consequence of his board and lodging being at his own command; this is probably no great sacrifice at the time, but it is very likely to be regretted afterwards.

<sup>2</sup> Sunium was fortified by the Athenians in the Peloponnesian war; portions of its walls appear in the foreground of the accompanying view.

<sup>3</sup> See the Ajax of Sophocles, 1236. “γενοίμαν, ἴν’ ὑλαῖν ἔπεστι.” &c.  
Would I were on the woody height  
O’erhanging Sunium’s sea-beat shore, &c.

In the time of the ancient poet this noble scenery appears to have been adorned with trees: in that of the modern poet there is scarcely a tree to be seen. This is another among the many instances of the disadvantage under which the modern tourist views some of the most remarkable scenes of Grecian story. To an English eye, especially, a woodless district has a most comfortless look at all times, however it may harmonize with the sentiment of desolation conveyed by the sight of a lonely ruin of great antiquity. The noble old trees around the Temple of Phigaleia add much to its scenic beauty and interest; and if the Temples of Paestum had been still surrounded by the forest in which they were discovered, buried as it were in vegetation, some two or three centuries ago, the attractions of the scene, if not its salubrity, would have been enhanced. If the woods of Sunium had still existed, like the olive groves of Academe, its recollections of the past would have been more agreeable. It is melancholy enough to contemplate the ruined works of a great people, long extinct; but it is miserable to find the natural graces of their ancient localities extinct also.











The view here given is from near the peribolus looking westward along the Saronic Gulph; the island of Guidaronesi (ant. Patroclus) appearing in front, and the Peloponnesian and Æginetan mountains in the background. At the foot of the descent, on the right hand, was the ancient port of Sunium, a demos of Athens, which was fortified by the Athenians in the Peloponnesian war. The harbour is a deep and capacious basin of lava, and the whole promontory and surrounding district speak intelligibly of former igneous convulsions.

The base of the Sunian cliff on the left was the scene of Falconer's shipwreck:—

“While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,  
Full o'er her van St. George's cliffs arise.  
But now Athenian mountains they descry,  
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high;  
Beside the cape's projecting verge are placed  
A range of columns long by time defaced;  
Foams the wild beach below with madd'ning rage,  
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.  
A troop of Grecians who inhabit nigh,  
And oft these perils of the deep descry,  
Roused by the blust'ring tempest of the night,  
Anxious had climb'd Colonna's neighbouring height;  
When gazing downward on the adjacent flood,  
Full to their view the scene of ruin stood;  
The surf with mangled bodies strew'd around!  
And those yet breathing on the sea-washed ground!”—FALCONER.

On returning towards Athens, the temple and promontory of Minerva again display a bold subject for the painter; after which a dreary and rough ride to the Cecropian city is only relieved by a Claude-like peep at the gulf and islands over the valley of Anaphlystus, and by a short detour to the curious cave near Bari.

## PLATE V.—MARATHON.

“The mountains look on Marathon,  
And Marathon looks on the sea,  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;  
For standing on the Persian's grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave.”—BYRON.

HAVING performed the tour of Sunium, the traveller will prepare for that of Marathon, and Rhamnus, and Pentelicus (ant. Brilessus). The pretty village of Kephissia, one of the few specimens of a suburban

retreat in Attica which offer any temptation to a prolonged residence, is the only point of interest that presents itself, previous to the ascent to Pentelicus, and its quarries and convent. The convent is a miserable-looking place, but the views from its neighbourhood, as well as from the quarries, which are at some distance, looking back to Athens, Hymettus, and the Saronic Gulf, with Egina and the mountains of the Morea, are of the finest kind. The quarries, which furnished the marble for the erection of the unrivalled edifices in the Acropolis, have an interest peculiar to themselves. The old road up the side of the hill, the steep and well-built *incline* for the descent of the blocks, a noble work of the ancients, and the huge and high marble precipices above, overgrown with trees, plants, creepers, and grassy coverings, on their varied summits and ledges, and stained on their fronts with all the colours on the palette or in the rainbow, convey a melancholy impression of the lapse of ages. The temples to which they gave birth have been in ruins for centuries, and the snow-white cliffs are resuming their original vestments, as if to forbid the further encroachments of man upon their hallowed treasures. Having freely given their resources to the ennobling and adorning of the brightest ages of human culture, they seem desirous of returning to their original obscurity; the dust and weeds which once covered them are fast hastening to cover them again.

After a rough and rapid descent from the quarries into the plain, and a few hours toil over rocky ground, interspersed with clumps of brushwood, occasionally the resort of klephts, the plain of Marathon appears in all its glory, on descending the precipitous woody defile to the convent of Vrana. The accommodations at the convent are very miserable, but a day's ride over the plain, among objects of such intense interest, cannot fail in its recompense; here, at least, the naked wildness of the scenery is in harmony with its associations.

"Where'er we tread, 'tis haunted, holy ground,  
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,  
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,  
And all the Muses' tales seem truly told,  
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold  
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon.  
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,  
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone;  
Age shakes Athena's towers, but spares grey Marathon." <sup>1</sup>—BYRON.

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<sup>1</sup> At the battle of Marathon, which took place 490 years before Christ, eleven thousand Athenians &c., are said to have conquered one hundred and twenty thousand Persians. The site of the ancient demos of Marathon is believed to be at Varna, near the convent above mentioned.

"The battle of Marathon was the most important, not only to Greece, but to the whole world, that was ever fought. It is not too much to assert that we feel its effects to this day; and that, if we

Before the tourist returns to Athens, he will feel much interested by a visit to Rhamnus (now Hebraio, or Obrio, Castro), the city of Nemesis, an ancient site on the shore of the Euripus, not far distant from the northern confines of the plain of Marathon. About a mile beyond the tall bassi tempi tower, at the base of a mountain, on the left of the great plain, the path begins to ascend the tufted downs. On the right hand, a few hundred feet distant, stands a group of forest trees, beneath whose shade commences the peribolus of a temple, which stands twenty or thirty feet above the plain. A few square blocks, and several frusta of white marble columns, trace the outline of the inclosure. As this antiquity does not appear to have been noticed by any tourist, ancient or modern, and as it is not marked in the larger surveys of Greece, the writer has every reason to presume that he is the first to record its existence. From this spot, and looking over the scanty ruins, a very extensive view of the great battle plain presents itself, with the whole range of Pentelicus sweeping across the distance, beneath which the tomb of the Athenians may be seen: the Venetian tower forms, with its mountain background, the right hand screen of the picture, and the sea appears over the marsh in which the Persians perished on the left.

After a few miles spent in tortuous gyrations among hills and straggling woods of lentisk, arbutus, and wild pear, the tourist comes suddenly into view of the Straits of Eubœa, with the noble mountains of that island rising along the opposite shore, and the wooded knoll of Rhamnus, its two Cyclopean temples of Nemesis, on an Acropolis; and, a little lower down, its city gate, directly beneath the eye, half covered with trees. The great statue of Nemesis, by Phidias, has disappeared. A more romantic district can scarcely be imagined than the whole of the coast between Chalcis and the Cynosura of Marathon, more especially when seen from the higher grounds, as the views they command of this lake-like estuary are of a truly magnificent description; but as subjects for landscape art, the ruins of Rhamnus are somewhat ineligible, consisting of little more than foundations, the gate excepted; and being almost buried in foliage, they are scarcely evident at even a short distance. Rhamnus is not the only spot in Greece whose associations and general scenery afford high gratification,

have produced anything excellent in art or science, we owe it to the triumph of the Greeks in that memorable conflict. Had Greece been overwhelmed by the host of barbarians which then assailed her, she would have been erased from the list of nations, and become the province of a barbarous eastern empire, nor have given birth to that illustrious succession of great men, whose works civilized their contemporaries, and have served as models for whatever is pure and noble in composition from that age to the present."—HAYGARTH'S *Greece*.

"It was an engagement that was to decide the liberty of Greece, and what was of infinitely greater moment, the future progress of refinement among mankind."—GOLDSMITH.

but furnish little material for the portfolio. The painter's art requires some marked feature in each scene to form a satisfactory composition. The scenery of Rhamnus, and its adjoining gulf and distant mountains, look well in a bird's eye view, but such scenes are generally too map-like and incomplete for pictures, however gratifying they may be to the general observer. Thousands of grand and beautiful scenes obtain the admiration of the painter, as he travels through nature's favoured regions, which never reach his sketch-book ;<sup>1</sup> those which he judges most suitable to his art he records, the rest serve for general observation, and if they do not constitute a portion of the stock which he carries away as "facts accomplished," they seldom fail to make an impress on his memory, and form chains of connection among those which have been selected for portraiture.<sup>2</sup>

About half or three-quarters of a mile south of the tomb of the Athenians, and on the sea-shore, the writer visited a small islet, containing many stelæ, frusta of small columns, an architrave, and other remains of marble tombs and temples. No history is pretended to belong to them ; they are slowly and silently disappearing, with the aid of the winds and the waves.

The view of Marathon represented in this plate is from the descent among rocks and woods to Vrana, which village is seen at the foot of the Pentelic hills on the right. The tumulus appears on the plain, not far from the edge of the bay, and the Charadrus may be observed stretching across the plain, on its way to the sea. The distant promontory is the Cynosura, at whose junction with the plain are the bogs or *marais* where the Persians suffered so much loss. The island of Negropont, or Eubœa, is in the distance ; and those who are familiar with the mountain outlines of our English lake scenery, will probably be forcibly reminded of Langdale Pikes, by the two higher peaks which appear in this view.

The convent of Vrana is a frequent resort for travellers ; but very respectable quarters may be found at the modern village of Marathon, which lies up the valley on the left, on the banks of the Charadrus, which is here a broad and picturesque stream.

<sup>1</sup> "Quam multa vident pictores in umbris et in eminentiis quæ nos non videmus."—CICERO, *Academ. Quest.*, lib. iv.

<sup>2</sup> For an interesting account of Rhamnus and its temples, see Dr. Wordsworth's "Athens and Attica ;" and for drawings of them, see Mr. Gandy's work.











## PLATE VI.—PHYLE.

“χαρίον ἰσχυρόν.”—XENOPHON.

“Spirit of Freedom! when on Phyle’s brow  
Thou sit’st with Thrasybulus and his train.”—BYRON.

THE traveller now leaves Athens for the tour of Northern Greece. Until he has crossed the Athenian campagna, and fairly entered the gorge of Phyle, he will find little to attract his attention, except an occasional retrospect of the immortal city. This pass is one of savage grandeur—rocks, and trees, and torrents, tumbled about in admirable confusion: so perfect indeed is the chaos that a passage through its dark defile is not to be found without scaling wooded precipices, which are steep enough to hurl the horse and his rider back into the ravines he has crossed, unless great caution as well as resolution be at command. Having arrived, after innumerable ascents and descents, at the summit of the pass, the tourist will observe the old Hellenic castle of Phyle, hanging over one of the numerous precipices which spring from the brook below. The waters may be heard, but not seen, gurgling at the bottom of the chasm, and working their way through the rude labyrinth whence he has just emerged, into the great plain of Athens, of which, as the Kephissus, they constitute the principal river.

It was in this, one of the frontier castles of Attica, that the patriot Thrasybulus assembled his small band of comrades before he commenced the attack upon Athens which relieved her from the thralldom of the Thirty Tyrants.<sup>1</sup> “The pass being very narrow, was effectually defended by this small fortress; which, connected as it is with one of the most remarkable events in Athenian history, furnishes the most interesting accompaniment that can be imagined to the magnificent view which the castle commands of the plain of Athens, the city, mount Hymettus, and the Saronic Gulf.”<sup>2</sup>

From Phyle<sup>3</sup> the path into Bœotia descends towards the valley of the Asopus, which river it crosses on the way to Thebes. The country around

<sup>1</sup> “From Phyle, Thrasybulus (B.C. 404,) descended into the Athenian plain, with a band of seven hundred men. His first aim was the town of Acharnæ, which lies to the south east of that fortress. It was six miles from Athens, and was the largest and most important of the one hundred and seventy-four Demi or Boroughs of Attica. Here he defeated his antagonists; this victory enabled him to proceed without interruption to the harbour of Athens, the Pæiræus, from which he expelled the forces of the Tyrants, and was thus furnished with means of effecting an entrance into the city itself and of rescuing it from their hands.”—DR. WORDSWORTH.

<sup>2</sup> Col. Leake.

<sup>3</sup> “The town of Phyle was situated near the foot of the Castle Hill or Acropolis, some traces of it still remain, consisting of the foundations of a square tower, and a transverse wall to guard the pass; several large blocks are here scattered about, with a clear spring of water rippling among the ruins of the town. The date of the foundation of Phyle is unknown.”—DODWELL’S *Cyclopeian and Pelagic Remains*.

appears bleak and cheerless, and vegetation seems to have fled the whole district. Having loitered away more than the usual allowance of time at the Castle of Phyle, the writer was fain to set up his hammock for the night in a cottage near the banks of a clear and rapid stream, a few hours further, instead of completing his journey to Thebes. The whole family, old and young, except infants, sat round the fire on the bare earth, Turkish fashion, and about midnight they were all strewn out where they had sat, fast asleep. Three hours and a half of much needed rest was all that could be obtained in this over-peopled hovel; for the moment the light was perceived through the crevices of door or window, "bright chanticleer proclaimed the dawn" from the rafters above, in screams loud enough to endanger the tympanum of a northern ear, and all hope of further repose was banished. Poultry, calves, donkeys, and even the lords and ladies of the creation themselves, were compelled to shake off the lingering influence of the drowsy god and rush from the murky cabin to the purling brook, ere they could feel themselves sufficiently awake for the day. Noah's ark could scarcely have sent forth a more motley assemblage.

## BEOTIA.

### PLATE VII.—THEBES.

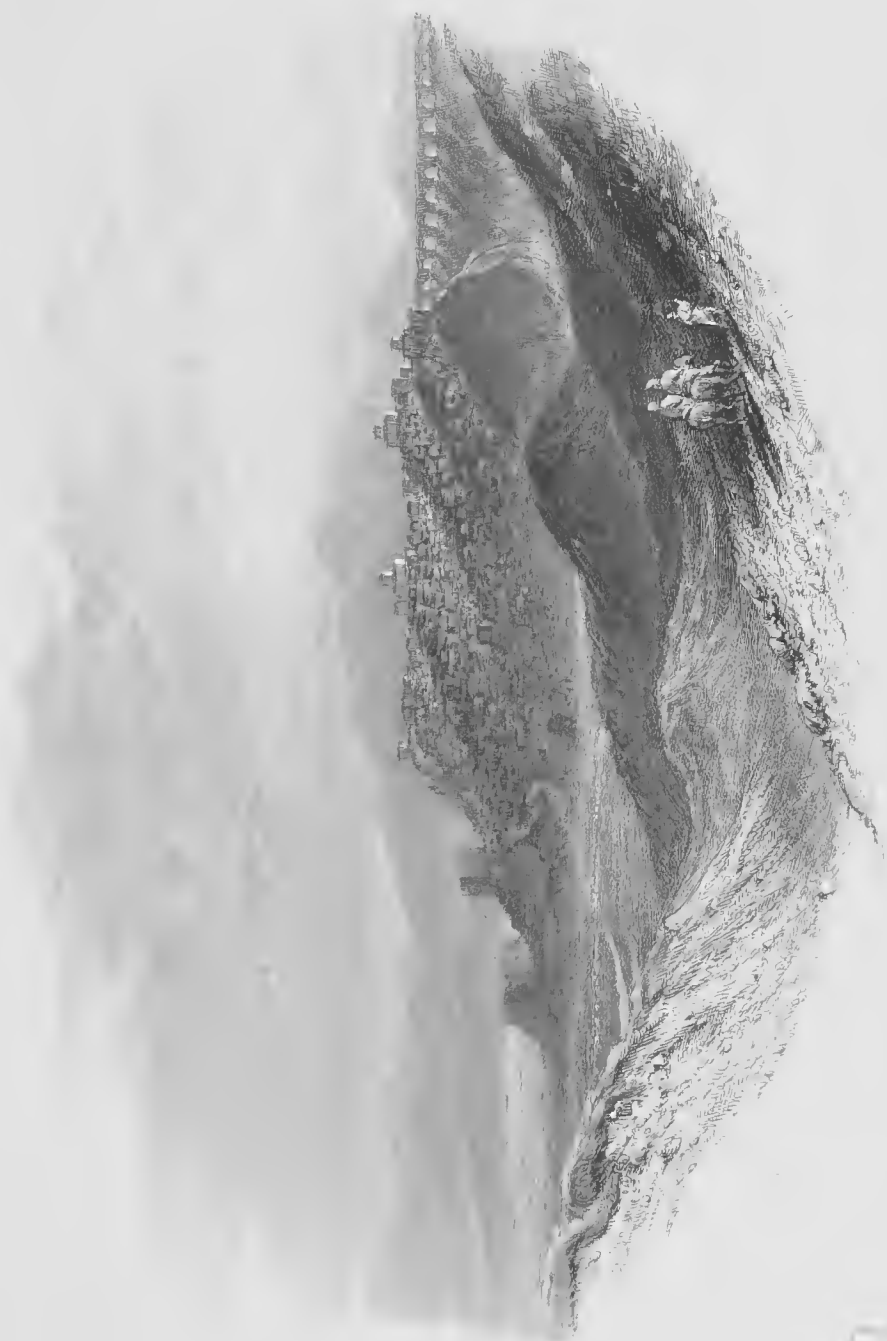
*"Saxa Cithæronis Thebas agitata per artem  
Sponte suâ muri membra coisse ferunt."*—PROPERTIUS, 3. 2. 5.

THE traveller continues his descent to the plain of the Asopus through a barren waste of stunted brushwood, and across naked valleys, containing occasionally a miserable hamlet. After a few irksome hours the city of Thebes is descried among a crowd of immense sand-hills, which look like the creations of some furious mountain deluge that had recently rushed down from Cithæron, and, ploughing its way to the Cadmœan plain by several deep channels, had left the place standing alone—wretched amid ruin. Mean, however, as it now appears, Thebes is one of the oldest cities of Greece, and can boast of her Pindar and her Epaminondas, two of the greatest names in ancient story.

In the time of Pausanias, about seventeen centuries ago, there were seven gates remaining in the circuit of the old walls of the city. In the time of Wheeler, who was at Thebes two centuries since, the place was much the same, the walls and towers being of the most exact masonry. All



















these have departed during the lapse of the two last centuries, and scarcely a vestige of antiquity is left to console the inquisitive tourist, who sees little either of the picturesque or the beautiful in this woodless district. The fountains of Dirce and Ismenus, however, still maintain their course, though the nymphs who attend them are not very flattering representatives of classic times.

When Alexander destroyed Thebes it had fifty thousand inhabitants: when Mr. Dodwell visited it at the Revolution the number was reduced to between five and six thousand; and when these sketches were made, the last thousands were reduced almost to hundreds.

The seven gates, six temples, two gymnasia, two stadia, a hippodrome, theatres, and statues, have not left a remnant of their existence. Never was destruction more complete.<sup>1</sup>

On leaving Thebes, the city, with its aqueduct and the mountains of Delphi<sup>2</sup> in Eubœa, affords an agreeable composition. The distant range of Helicon and Parnassus soon meets the eye, which compensates in some degree for the cheerlessness of the district over which the tourist has to ride full nine hours, before he can reach Levadia.

## PLATE VIII.—HALIARTUS (MICROCURA, *hod.*)

### WITH PARNASSUS.

‘Αλιάρτος δ’ νῦν οὐκέτι ἐστὶ.—STRABO.

“Urbs diruta a fundamentis.”—LIVY.

HALIARTUS was destroyed by Xerxes,<sup>3</sup> and was rebuilt, having been an important place in the Peloponnesian war. It was afterwards destroyed by the Romans.

About fifteen miles from Thebes, and half way to Levadia, the road passes over the shoulder of the rocky promontory of Haliartus, which bulges forth into the Copiac Lake. Foundations of several ancient buildings, of two churches built from old remains, and large blocks of the second and third styles of Greek masonry, are scattered over this Acropolis, among which are several four-sided altars of stone; but there is no entire edifice

<sup>1</sup> “Near the gates Electræ was a polyandrium of the Thebans who fell against Alexander, and a little beyond, the place where Cadmus produced men by sowing the teeth of the dragon which he slew at the fountain of Mars. This fountain was above the Ismenum. Euripides says that the dragon was the guardian of Dirce.”—LEAKE.

In the accompanying plate the Cadmæan citadel and plain are seen on the left hand; the fountain of Dirce appears in a recess at the base of the city hill, and the Eubœan mountains form the distance.

<sup>2</sup> The height of Mount Delphi is stated to be 5,525 English feet.

<sup>3</sup> Pausanias, 9.

left.<sup>1</sup> Some of the walls also are still to be seen, with sepulchral crypts, at the base of the cliffs. "Although the hill of Haliartus," says Colonel Leake, "is not fifty feet higher than the lake or marsh, its rocky projecting point is remarkable from every part of the plain." It is hailed by the scenic devotee with no little satisfaction, as auguring a change from the bald and shapeless mounds of corn-land over which his course has been directed ever since he left Thebes. The village of Mazi is seen a mile distant up the hill Libethrion, which descends to the lake at this spot. Just beyond the pass a small khan may protect the tourist from the heat of the day, and afford his horses and men both shelter and refreshment. In the latter item, however, he must always come provided for his own wants, or he may have to fare more coarsely than is agreeable. The view from the porch of this khan, over the Copaic Limne<sup>2</sup> to Parnassus, displays the great mountain to the best advantage, from its summits to its base, the smaller projections from Helicon forming the left screen of the picture, a tall *bassi tempi* tower standing on the verge of one of the precipices in front, as it advances into the lake.

"O thou Parnassus !<sup>3</sup> whom I now survey,  
Not in the phrenzy of a dreamer's eye,  
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,  
But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,  
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty."—BYRON.

A little further on, and at the foot of a lofty and picturesque range of rocks, adorned with wild-fig trees, is a copious fountain, said to be that of Tilphossus. The water proved delicious, and though the day was hot, less danger was feared from an over-indulgence in the grateful beverage (though Pausanias tells us it proved fatal to a thirsty old prophet),<sup>4</sup> than from the recesses above, where it was said a goodly troop of brigands had ensconced themselves, to "pick off" any wayfarer who might appear likely to add to their booty. The gendarme who led the *cortège*, and who was quartered at Mazi, not many miles distant, urged a speedy departure.

## PLATES IX & X.—LEVADIA.

THE town of Levadia, the river, the cliffs, and the castle (the site of the ancient Mideia) which crowns them, are all essentially romantic, and ought

<sup>1</sup> Pausanias speaks of its temples without statues or roofs. Strabo says the city did not exist in his time ; and Livy adds, there are nothing but foundations left.

<sup>2</sup> "In the summer the greater part of this lake is dry, and becomes a green meadow, in which cattle are pastured." The Lake Topolias (Copaïs) was anciently, and is now, celebrated for its eels.

<sup>3</sup> 8001 feet above the sea.—STRONG'S *Greece*.

<sup>4</sup> Tiresias, one of the most celebrated prophets of Greece ; who, after a life of miraculous duration, closed his days by drinking at this cold fountain of Tilphossus.



















to detain the picturesque tourist a week, if he have any love for wild scenery.<sup>1</sup>

The present castle was built by the Catalans; but Greece and Italy do not recognize such antiquities—theirs tell of more distant and of brighter days. The ruins, however, are strikingly situated, and the painter will not complain, for they suit his art; and, besides, he cannot expect to find every Grecian citadel decked out in the monumental pomp of the Athenian Acropolis.

The Cave of Trophonius is situated high up the glen, at the base of the huge mass of overhanging rock, opposite the castle hill. Niches for votive offerings, and other vestiges of the ancient oracle, are seen around it, and a light is still kept burning there—a complimentary memorial to the ancient pagan shrine by the votaries of Christianity.<sup>2</sup> The Hieron, or sacred grove of Trophonius and Temple of Hercyna, with the other temples and statues of Pausanias, are all gone. Gell supposes the present town to occupy the site of the ancient grove.

“In the eastern face of the rock,” says Mr. Dodwell, “is an excavated chamber, raised three or four feet from the present level of the ground, to which we ascended by steps, formed by the present Vaivode, who uses it as a cool retreat in summer. Within the cave, just under the roof, are still seen the remains of some elegant painted ornaments, particularly the funeral leaf which is delineated on terra-cotta vases. It is probable that this place contained the statues of Æsculapius and Hygeia. The rock which is contiguous to the cave is full of niches of various sizes for statues and votive offerings. Near this, the sacred fountain issues from the rock by ten small modern spouts; the water is extremely cold and clear. On the opposite side of the channel is the other fount, the water of which, though not warm, is of a much higher temperature. The two springs of Memory and Oblivion, blending their waters, pass under a modern bridge

<sup>1</sup> We were much struck with its singular appearance, forming the most extraordinary combination of rocks, chasms, precipices, and torrents, intermingled with the habitations of past and present ages, that ever was portrayed. Salvator Rosa would have revelled in such a scene.”—THE REV. — HUGHES.

<sup>2</sup> “It is well known,” says Dr. Wordsworth, “to have been the practice of some early Christian churches to modify the objects of heathen adoration, rather than to destroy them. The stream of paganism was thus taught to glide into a Christian channel with a soft and easy current.”—*Athens and Attica*.—Or rather, with all deference, was it not that the same channel or ceremonials continued to be employed at the outset of the new faith, that its precepts might be the more readily conveyed to the minds of the people, without their prejudices being offended?

At Thebes and Levadia, letters to the cashiers of the districts were found most serviceable. The hospitality and obliging attentions of these officers save the tourist much anxiety; and, if the route be dangerous, he can generally command, through their influence, one or more of the soldiery to head his escort through the day's or week's journey. At Levadia the writer was induced to retain one of the king's riflemen to accompany his *cortège* to Salona and back to Athens, and a more active, resolute, and faithful servant could not be wished for.

(in the foreground of the moonlight scene), and immediately form a rapid stream, the ancient Hercyna. It contains excellent fish of a small size, and, in its way through the town, turns several mills; after a course of a few miles it enters the Lake Copais."

"There was something," says Dr. Clarke, "in the nature of the scenery here, which tended to excite the solemn impressions that were essential to the purposes of priestcraft. The votaries of the oracle were conducted through a grove to the *Hieron*. Having reached the consecrated precinct, they could not avoid being struck with its gloomy and imposing grandeur. It is surrounded with rocks, bare and rugged, rising in fearful precipices to a great height; the silence of the place being interrupted only by the roaring of the waters bursting from their cavernous abyss. The most sacred part of the *Hieron*, containing the narrow entrance to the adytum and receptacle for the offerings, is a perpendicular rock of black marble."

The first of the two scenes of Levadia has been already described—the second represents the Castle of the Catalans, as seen from above and beyond it; the chasm of Trophonius descending on the right, while a portion of the town appears below on the left, and over it the Copaic plain and lake, the Hercyna river, and the hills of Orchomenus.

"The town of Levadia," observes Colonel Leake, "has an imposing appearance from the northward, and forms a scene not less singular than beautiful. Houses surrounded with gardens on some steep acclivities, at the foot of a precipitous height, which is crowned with a ruined castle of the Catalans. A torrent is seen issuing from the mountain, between lofty precipices, and falling with great rapidity over a rocky bed, as it passes through the middle of the town. It has also a greater air of opulence than any place in Northern Greece. The larger Greek houses have spacious chambers and galleries in the Turkish fashion, and look to great advantage on a steep declivity. The only remains of antiquity are some Hellenic squared stones in the walls of the ruined castle, with a few inscriptions and architectural fragments dispersed about the town."

## PLATE XI.—CHÆRONEA<sup>1</sup> (KAPRANU, *hod.*)

PAUSANIAS says that the city was formerly called Arne,<sup>2</sup> which was the name of a daughter of Æolus. The plain of Chæronea was a celebrated

<sup>1</sup> From Chæro, its founder.

<sup>2</sup> Lib. 9.









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battle-field. It was here that the Boeotians defeated the Athenians, in the fifth century before Christ. In the fourth century, Philip of Macedon, aided by the Boeotians, conquered the Athenians, from which period may be dated their downfall.

"That dishonest victory  
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty." MILTON.<sup>1</sup>

And in the first century of our æra, Sylla defeated Mithridates.<sup>2</sup> It was not customary for the Macedonians to erect trophies to commemorate their victories: hence there are no souvenirs of Philip's or Alexander's conquests. But Caranos the Argive, who reigned in Macedonia, having conquered Crissus, set up a trophy after the battle, according to the Argive law: a lion rushing out of Olympia overturned it, and it was altogether removed. The Thebans have a tomb or Polyandrium here, crowned by a lion; but there is no inscription upon it, as the gods did not favour their arms.<sup>3</sup> This noble trophy, after having been buried for ages, was cleared of its earthy covering when the writer visited the plain, and is now re-instated on its pedestal;<sup>4</sup> one of the most interesting monuments of ancient Greece, executed in the best style of art.

The plain of Chæronea lies to the west of the marais, limne, or boggy portion of the Lake Copais, and is from ten to twelve miles long, and two broad. Its western barrier is formed by the rocky heights of Parnassus, which rise in much majesty above this richly cultivated district. Immediately above the plain on which the trophy now stands, rises the Acropolis of Chæronea, Mount Petrachus. Its massive walls skirt the edge of the precipice, and on its summit are some small Ionic capitals, whilst against its base rests one of the oldest and most perfect theatres left in Greece. Ancient fragments are still found lying around, and a short distance from the trophy stands the only antique fountain now existing in the country; a singular but beautiful structure of white marble. On one of the blocks may be seen the name of the city,

X A I P P O N E A.

Chæronea was the birth-place of Plutarch.

As the tourist advances, Panopeius (Agios Blasios), with the walls of its Acropolis, exhibiting different specimens of Greek masonry,<sup>5</sup> towers above the plain; and in the distance, and at the foot of Mount Parnassus, are seen the craggy citadel and whitened ruins of Daulis, famed for its

<sup>1</sup> Milton's Sonnet to the Lady Margaret Ley.

<sup>2</sup> Plutarch.

<sup>3</sup> Pausanias.

<sup>4</sup> Transactions of the Archæological Society of Athens—1840.

<sup>5</sup> Some of the stones are twelve feet long. This Acropolis was destroyed by Xerxes.

stalwart race of men.<sup>1</sup> Leaving the great plain, the road enters and ascends the rugged defile of Schiste, passing along the base of the great mountain, and beneath some of its most awful cliffs of limestone, perforated with enormous caves, until, after leaving a wretched khan, near the *via sacra*, it zigzags up a toilsome ascent of some thousands of feet to the romantically placed town of Arakhova. A more striking appearance than is exhibited by this mountain-town, when it bursts upon the traveller's view at a turn of the road, can hardly be conceived. The views also which it affords down the valleys of the Pleistus and of Crisso, backed by the Corinthian Gulph and the glorious Alpine range of Peloponnesus, give promise of a still more interesting region, as the traveller advances.

## PLATE XII.—DELPHI (KASTRI, *hod.*)

### THE CLIFFS OF PARNASSUS.

“Mons ibi verticibus petit arduus astra duobus  
Nomine Parnassus.”—OVID.

THE descent to Delphi is, of course, full of intense interest; but the tourist will probably not find his musings disturbed by any demands upon his pencil until he arrives at the sacred fount and its rocky chasm. The two peaks which rise from the sides of the chasm, several hundred feet above the fount, form but an insignificant portion of the mighty mass of Parnassus, the summit of the mountain being many thousand feet higher, and many miles distant. These Delphian peaks terminate a range of rocks which display their bare fronts for miles along the southern declivity of the mountain, at an elevation which commences between two and three thousand feet above its base. The altitude of the loftiest summit of Parnassus is not less than eight thousand feet above the Corinthian Gulph. When seen from the platform<sup>2</sup> near St. Elias, the Delphian cliffs present a

<sup>1</sup> “The stoutest men are yet found at Daulis, as of yore.”—GELL.

<sup>2</sup> The site of the Pylæa, or Palace of the Amphictyones, which was remarkable for its magnificence.

“The Council Hall of the Amphictyones, the treasure-house of Cræsus, and the three thousand statues which crowded the buildings and streets of Delphi, are all vanished.”—DR. WORDSWORTH.

“The town, when entire, must have exhibited the imposing spectacle of an immense theatre. The town was small, but was a concentration of great opulence and splendour.”—DODWELL.

“Templum autem Apollinis Delphis positum est in monte Parnaso, in rupe undique impendente; ibi civitatem frequentia hominum fecit, qui ad affirmationem majestatis undique concurrentes in eo saxo considerare. Atque ita templum et civitatem non muri sed præcipitia, nec manufacta sed naturalia præsidia, defendunt; prorsus ut incertum sit, utrum munimentum loci, an majestas dei plus hic admirationis habeat. Media saxi rupes in formam theatri recessit.”—JUSTIN, 24. 6.—Θεατοποιδής.—STRABO, 9.

The Archæological Society of Athens have recently discovered, by excavations, three temples mentioned by Pausanias.







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bold outline, with the ancient foundations and modern village of Kastri at their base.—(See the plate.)<sup>1</sup>

“Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,  
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,  
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,  
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,  
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave.”—BYRON.

“On the way from Arakhova to Delphi are sepulchral caverns. One of these has been very magnificent. There is a large perpendicular fissure in the rock, apparently occasioned by an earthquake. The Kastriotes, or Delphians, have a tradition that, at the birth of Christ, a priest of Apollo, who was sacrificing at this place, suddenly stopped the sacrificial ceremonies, and declared to the multitude, that the son of a god was at that moment born, whose power would equal that of Apollo, but that the Delphian god would ultimately triumph over the new-born divinity. The words were scarcely uttered, when the rock was rent in two by a clap of thunder, and the priest was consumed to ashes by a flash of lightning!”

— “Delphis oracula cessant.”—JUVENAL.

“The oracles are dumb,  
No voice or hideous hum  
Rings through the arched roof in words deceiving.  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,  
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.”  
MILTON'S *Hymn*.

## DELPHI.

### PLATE XIII.—THE CASTALIAN FOUNT.

“Utilium sagax rerum, et divina futuri,  
Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.”—HORACE.

“Yet there I've wandered by thy vaunted rill ;  
Yes ! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long-deserted shrine,  
Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still.”—BYRON.

THE ravine of the Castalian fount, which enters the mountain between two precipitous walls of limestone rock, is one of the most colossal rifts in Europe. That at the baths of Pfeffers may perhaps compete with it.

<sup>1</sup> From this point a splendid restoration of Delphi might be made, as every object of importance must have been visible from it in the best days of the sacred city. The Castalian fount and chasm—the Stadium—gymnasium—sepulchral chambers—broken terraces—remains of roads—foundations of edifices, and fragments of marble columns, furnish materials for the fancy to work out an admirable architectural picture in this precipitous and rocky recess.

“What a scene,” says Hughes, “does this spot still present to the painter who could raise his ideas to the sublime associations with which it is connected.”

Gordale Scar in Yorkshire has bold and massive forms, but is scarcely a fourth of its elevation. Two thousand feet have been named as the perpendicular height of these rocks; but it is probable that this estimate exceeds the truth. There are two falls of the water, one above the other, as they strike the eye: the chapel of St. John and the shallow tank cut in the rock, called the Pythian's bath, being on the right of the entrance to the great chasm, cannot be seen at the point from which the waterfalls are viewed.

The ancient Greeks, without caring to dissert about it, exhibited an instinctive taste for grandeur in their selections of religious localities. If they did not write poems about their scenery, it was simply because they dwelt in the midst of nature's choicest works, and were familiar with them. Their whole territory was but a series of pictures, and while they were studying philosophy and science in their groves, the beautiful and the sublime which characterized the rocks and mountains, the woods and lakes around them, had made them poets and artists from their cradles.<sup>1</sup> What but an innate love of the poetry of landscape could have dictated the glorious position of Sunium for a temple; or the lofty site of Jupiter at Ægina, or the wooded heights of Phigaleia or of Rhamnus, or the majestic elevation of the Athenian temenos itself?

<sup>1</sup>"It may be easily imagined, without much description, what scenes for a painter such a country must afford—what subjects for poetry it must contain. Heaven and earth seem to be brought together; the mountain tops appear shining above the clouds in regions of ineffable light, as thrones for immortal beings. The Muses have ever made such scenes their favorite abode, and it is upon this account that they have haunted Parnassus, and all the heights and the depths, the vales and the rocks, and the woods and the waters of Greece. Those illustrious bards, Homer and Pindar, owed the bent of their genius to the scenery of nature wherein they were born and educated. Even Homer himself, if he had been a native of oriental Tartary, and been brought up under the impressions made by such scenery and climate, would never have been a poet.

"The heavy Boeotian and his flat boggy district, enveloped with fogs; the light and cheerful Athenian, with his brisk clear air, his dry marble mountains, and his brilliant blue sea; the fierce Spartan, amid his rugged mountain fastnesses—a character that has continued unchanged to the present day: all these prove the power of scenery over character."—DR. E. CLARKE.

"*Bœotûm in crasso jurares aëre natum.*"—HORACE.

"We have endeavoured to show how the political state of the Peloponnesus received its true character from the physical form and features of the soil itself; and it would not be an uninteresting speculation to examine how the religious faith, the mythological traditions, and the social manners of its inhabitants, were affected by influences arising from the same source.

"A proud, stubborn, presumptuous, and savage temper, and an insolent confidence in their own bodily strength and physical resources, were the peculiar characteristics of the inhabitants of Thebes; and these national peculiarities seem to have been engendered and strengthened, in a considerable degree, by exposure to the inclemency of such seasons; as the elegance and the refinement of the Athenians were partly due to the light air, the dry soil, and the genial climate of Attica."—DR. WORDSWORTH.

Colonel Leake says,—*"In endeavouring to account for the perfection which the Greeks attained in the elegant arts, something may be attributed to the more acute perceptions, to the more beautiful forms and colours of animate and inanimate nature, and to the brighter skies of a southern climate."*

## PARNASSUS.

"Sed me Paruassi deserta, per ardua dulcis  
Raptat amor ; juvat ire jugis, quà nulla priorum  
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo."—VIRGIL.

The desire for a ramble among the wild defiles of Parnassus was not confined to the Mantuan bard. Once located at Delphi, and become familiar with its wonders, the tourist soon feels disposed to scale the heights of the immortal mountain,—an excursion of surpassing interest.

THE CORYCIAN CAVE, (*Μαύρη Τροῦπα, hod.*).

"Corycidas nymphas, et numina montis adorant."—OVID.

The ascent to the Corycian Cave is commenced from the highest portion of the village, beyond the Stadium, where a narrow and hazardous mule-track is cut against the wall of rock which rises nearly perpendicularly above the site of the ancient city. The zigzag ascent is not effected without considerable caution ; and, as the prospect becomes every moment of a more extensive and interesting character, the tourist finds no little difficulty in dividing his attention justly between the view before him, or rather first on one side and then on the other, and the footing of his horse or mule beneath. In about half an hour he finds himself skirting the rivulet which precipitates itself down the Delphic chasm ; thence he ascends over a vast arid territory, covered with white limestone blocks, and spotted with dark pointed pines ; descending into hollows, and then mounting into still loftier regions, all exhibiting the same sterile appearance ; these dark pines being the only evidences of vegetation along the route.

After several hours of toil to the poor horses, a halt is made (as at the base of the cone on the ascent of Vesuvius), when he is compelled to take his share of the labour, and, dismounting, to scramble up a long and steep incline, covered with loose rocks and shrubs, to the mouth of the cave, when the extensive view will abundantly repay him for his exertions. The cave is neither striking nor picturesque at its entrance ; but the interior is a truly magnificent specimen of natural vaulting. In length and breadth it is about three hundred by two hundred feet, and forty feet in height. The stalactites, which constitute the architectural ornamentation of this noble cathedral, are massive and grand in the extreme—the work of ages. Every thing seems to have been designed upon a colossal scale, and finished with all the graces that the Corycian nymphs (the Muses) could command.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pausanias speaks in raptures of the Corycian cave ; and says, of all the caves he ever beheld, it is the most worthy of admiration.

From the terrace in front, the whole range of the Morea mountains, with the Corinthian Gulf below them, is spread forth from east to west, while a Parnassian valley, and lake, and farm, are mapped out at the base of the declivity on which the spectator stands. The summits of Parnassus appear a little above the eye on the left, wrapt in snow. To ascend them would have been the work of another day; but, as this renowned cavern is situated full three-fourths of the height of the mountain, the writer was resolved to content himself with what he had already accomplished, that he might devote the additional day to less elevated researches.

#### PLATE XIV.—CRISSO.

“Κρίσσαν τε ζαθέην.”—ΗΟΜ.

At some little distance below the rocky boundary of the Delphian temenos, on which are the remains of the old walls, and beneath which are cut many sepulchral chambers, fronting the valley below, and to the right of the rugged and steep descent towards Crisso by the *via sacra*, is an extensive platform among the masses of cliff which project from the sides of the mountain, called by the natives “the Hippodrome.” Classical antiquarians have generally placed this arena in the valley below the town of Crisso, partly from the authority of Pausanias, and possibly from not having been made acquainted with this snug little course, so much more convenient from its almost immediate vicinity to Delphi. The writer can offer an additional evidence for its being the possible site of an old race-course, in its having afforded him the only opportunity for a hand-gallop he had enjoyed for many days, to the great consternation of the horse-owners, or *αγωγιάται*, who have an instinctive horror of their *property* being coerced into any pace beyond the odious one of two and a half miles an hour.

Before the *cortège* had descended as far as Crisso, the sun, which had been obscured for some time by a hazy atmosphere, burst forth in all its glory; producing a striking effect of light and shadow on the mountains and valley in front. Even the guides and servitors exclaimed, “καλά! καλά!” “beautiful! beautiful!” There is also a noble view of the gulf of Crisso or Galaxidi, with the Crissean plain and Morean mountains, during the whole of the descent.









From  
the  
East













Crisso<sup>1</sup> is a straggling village, interspersed with trees, and commanding a fine prospect of the great plain, or valley of Salona, with the Crissean stream meandering through its whole extent; the castellated acropolis of Amphissa being enthroned beneath the distant mountains, which extend from Parnassus to Pindus. The finest olives in Greece<sup>2</sup> are grown in this productive district; and, in recent times, their consumption was rigidly confined to the sultan's palace at Constantinople. In ancient days, also, the Crissean valleys enjoyed a high reputation for their produce and pastures.<sup>3</sup>

## OZOLAIA LOCRIS.

PLATE XV.—SALONA<sup>4</sup> (AMPHISSA).

"Phocæicas Amphissa manus, scopulosaque Cyrrha,  
Parnassusque jugo misit desertus utroque."—LUCAN.

LEAVING Crisso, the tourist descends into the valley of Salona, through groves of trees and rich pastures, frequently crossing the river and its tributaries. The lower shoulders of Parnassus rise immediately above him on the right; on the left a more varied range of summits of an Alpine character, divided by richly wooded ravines, adorn the landscape. The castle itself, situated on a bold and lofty rock, has all the appearance of a work of the lower ages, though its foundations are ancient. Salona is on the site of the ancient Amphissa, the chief town of the Locri Ozolæ; which was declared war against by the Amphictyons, and destroyed by Phillip, B.C. 338. It was afterwards rebuilt by the Romans, who constituted it a free state.

<sup>1</sup> "The lofty crags where the Crisso of Homer stood, and the huge polygonal walls of its Acropolis, are still left. A noble landscape from thence."—DR. WORDSWORTH.

These rocky bluffs, many of them boulders, frequently turn aside the rough road, forming useful studies for the artist. They are composed of a cretaceous stone, richly coloured with lichens, and marked with indented hollows, reminding the student of the broad and boldly-pencilled foreground rocks of our distinguished landscape painter, Wilson, whose manly and masterly style of art, with its richness of colour, and breadth of effect, gave a more elevated tone and character to the study of landscape nature than had previously obtained on this side of the Alps.

<sup>2</sup> Columbades.

<sup>3</sup> "Βοῖνυμα ἀκτῆς."—SOPHOCLES. "Εὐδαίμων."—STRABO.

"At present, the Krissean plain flourishes more under the yoke of the Turk, than formerly under that of Apollo; it is better cultivated than most parts of Greece, and the olive trees arrive at a very large size, and to a great degree of perfection."—DODWELL.

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Chandler considers Salona to be fifteen miles from Delphi. Sir William Gell calls the distance seven miles. Æschines says it is sixty stadia—about six miles; and Pausanias, one hundred and twenty stadia, or twelve miles! For the satisfaction of the tourist, he had better take the Doctor's word for it, as the largest estimate is generally found to be nearest the mark in actual travel; though it is possible that it may exceed the measured distance. Travellers in Greece should never inquire distances in miles or leagues, but in hours and minutes, if they wish to be secure in their reckoning. Πόσους ὥρας εἰς Αθήνας? How many hours to Athens?

The new town exhibits some very neat and comfortable-looking dwellings, one of which, an inn, in the absence of the Governor of Amphissa from his *Palazzo*, afforded very acceptable accommodation, after a fatiguing journey.

Pausanias's monuments of Amphissa and Andræmon are vanished, with the ancient splendours of this once "most noble" city.

Salona may almost be considered in a *cul-de-sac*, situated at the head of a noble valley ten miles from the Corinthian Gulf, into which its waters flow; and surmounted by a stupendous chain of mountains which seem to forbid all further advance, it usually forms the terminus or goal of the tourist in Northern Greece, whence he retraces his steps to the Attic metropolis. Arrived again at Delphi, he gives that hallowed region a second opportunity of impressing him with its picturesque as well as its mysterious localities.

To the traveller who is not altogether absorbed by the love of antiquarian research, but delights in new scenes and mountain air, a repetition of the pass of the Triodos will perhaps appear uninviting. The ancient road from Athens to Delphi ascends through this deep and rough defile, Schiste; and its pavement must be as old as the oracle to which it led. However passable it may have been in the days of the sacred processions, twenty or thirty centuries ago, its foundations have been so shaken, and its surface so much disrupted, as if by earthquakes, that few mules can be found to retain their footing for many paces with any thing like certainty, at the present day; so that, with the constant fear of broken bones, or a final slip into the rocky river bed, far below, there are few who would not desire a change of route, to avoid either alternative, or even the anxieties attendant upon their anticipation. Should the traveller prefer a new route,<sup>1</sup> he must cross the Pleistus below Arakhova, and scramble among the woods, up the rocky breast of Mount Cirphis, an exertion which will not add to the good-humour of his mules or their owners, though he will be obliged to perform the greater portion of his task on foot. From this great platform, which is between four and five thousand feet above the sea, his eye will embrace the gulf in its whole extent, from the castles of Lepanto to the Corinthian citadel, with Cyllene, Chelmos, Olonos, and the rest of the Alps of Arcadia, rising in all their majesty to nearly twice the height of the ground on which he stands. In the opposite direction he

<sup>1</sup> It may as well be told, that nearly all deviations from prescribed routes, suggested by a love of novelty, entail difficulties of which the tourist will not fail to complain at the time. They give a zest, however, to his travels, and even if he have no peculiar researches in view, they place the country before him in new aspects, which to the landscape painter are often a source of pleasure and satisfaction, whether they add to his portfolio or not.

may look down upon the river and valley of the Pleistus, with its broken hilly surface of woods and crags—Delphi, perched aloft in its rocky recess, at one extremity—the deep ravine of the Schiste, descending towards Ximeno, at the other—and the romantic town of Arakhova direct in front, across the valley, literally impending from the cliffs, dwelling above dwelling—the snow-capped summits of Mount Parnassus soaring beyond, several thousands of feet still higher. A more spirit-stirring scene is scarcely to be found in all Greece.

During his passage over these mountain summits, which will occupy several hours, the only refreshment which the traveller can obtain will be furnished by the flocks of silken-haired sheep, which, with the shepherds and their ferocious dogs, are occasionally to be seen on the grassy downs that are interspersed among the higher peaks—the milk of these beautiful animals is one of the lightest and most delicious beverages that the country affords.

A long and rough descent, in view of the gulf, will bring the tourist to Ximeno, near the site of the tomb of Laius, where some large blocks are supposed by some to have constituted a portion of the sepulchre itself. Thence to Levadia the route lies over a barren territory, the only object of interest to arrest his attention being one of those many fountains, the most valuable legacies which the Turks have left to Greece, and the most welcome objects a traveller finds during the scorching heats of a summer tour.

## BÆOTIA.

### LEVADIA TO HELICON AND PLATEA.

*“Pandite nunc Helicon, Deæ, cantusque movete !”*—VIRGIL.

Having turned the shoulder of the mountain Granitza, to the eastward of Levadia, and descended past the mills to the Topolian level, in the vicinity of Coronœa ; the writer's party had to ascend the wooded rocks above the fountain of Tilphossus, and thread their way through brake and dell for many a weary mile, before the conductors brought them to the Convent of St. Nicolo, the presumed locality of the Grove of the Muses.

On passing the ruined walls of the convent, a group of chestnut and sycamore trees of extraordinary magnitude presented themselves ; through their colossal arms were seen the most grotesquely-shaped masses of rock, broken into every variety of form, and piled above each other to a considerable height : against their marble fronts were hung, in the most

luxuriant festoons, the choicest climbing plants—which in this region flourish without culture,

“Ye wildings of Nature, I doat upon you,  
For ye waft me to summers of old.”—CAMPBELL.

while down the dark clefts, amid a profusion of flowering creepers, cascades of the clearest water were pouring in all directions, until they united near the base of the grotto in one full stream, and hurried away through the forest below to the Topolian Lake.

“From Helicon’s harmonious springs  
A thousand rills their mazy progress take :  
The laughing flow’rs that round them blow,  
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.”—GRAY.

The picturesque assemblage was arranged with the most consummate artistic skill and taste, and exhibited just such a fairy scene as one might imagine the Muses would delight in.

“Nous étions alors sur l’Hélicon, sur cette montagne si renommée pour la pureté de l’air, l’abondance des eaux, la fertilité des vallées, la fraîcheur des ombrages, et la beauté des arbres antiques dont elle est couverte.”—BARTHELEMY.

The lake itself lay at some distance, and the woodlands of Libethrium, (from which arose a fine old Venetian tower), commencing at the base of the high cliffs which constituted the crest of that mountain, described a dark and jagged outline, that led the eye down nearly to the water side. Beyond the eastern or Theban extremity of the lake, the mountains of Eubœa, with the lofty Delphi in the centre of the range, completed the landscape.

No doubt crossed the writer’s mind at the time, that this was the veritable “Grove of the Muses ;” besides, the tortuosity of the route, and the difficulties encountered in following it out, tended in no degree to diminish the confidence of the party as to the correctness of their decision. Other Groves of the Muses may have been found by other travellers, possibly equally qualified to answer the descriptions of this celebrated place by tour-writers—but this singularly curious combination of wood, rock, and water seemed to possess the stamp of “the Nine,” and to repel suspicion. It so happened, however, that, before the cavalcade, ascending through the forest over the shoulder of Libethrium to Zagora (Ascra), had arrived at their domicile for the night, another Convent of St. Nicolo came into view. It was a large and long-fronted white building, conspicuously placed on the summit of a high precipice immediately under the crest of Helicon<sup>1</sup> itself,

<sup>1</sup> “Mount Helicon is said to be 4,963 feet above the Corinthian Gulf.”—STRONG’S *Greece as a Kingdom*.

full four thousand feet above the sea-level, and backed by the darkest pine trees. This was a most unwelcome discovery, after the toil which the party had gone through; for, if a Convent of St. Nicolo be really necessary to identify the hallowed locality,<sup>1</sup> this important looking building seemed to possess a better claim than the small group of ruined cells which had obtained the honours in the morning. How far the scenic pretensions in the vicinity of this elevated monastery might aid in sustaining their claim to the true title, the party had no means of ascertaining, since they could not afford to devote the additional day which must have been accorded to pursue the required research.

The mountain region of Helicon is of great extent, and consists of many peaked or pointed summits, as seen from the plain of Leuctra, the highest of which is said to measure about five thousand feet, forming an apex to the group. The valleys which lie at the base of these precipitous elevations are the most secluded imaginable, but difficult of access, being in many instances choked with dense woods and loose rocks. The largest and most accessible of these is the valley of Ascra, the birth-place of Hesiod.

“ In a pleasant glade,  
With mountains round about environed,  
And mighty woodes, which did the valley shade  
Like to a stately theatre . . . . .  
And in the midst a little river plaide  
Eamongst the pumy stones, which seem'd to plaine  
With gentle murmure that his course they did restraine.”—SPENSER.

Here the cavalcade were housed in safety for the night in the cottage of a brigand, under the conduct of their new protector,<sup>2</sup> and pursued their route at daybreak, through the remaining portion of the defile, ascending and descending in a most tortuous course, until they arrived at the village of Eremo Kastro, (near the ancient Thespiæ, once remarkable for its possessing the Eros or Love of Praxiteles). Descending to the plain, the travellers, being threatened by a storm, galloped, much to the annoyance of their guides and conductors, over the levels of *Thespiæ*, *Leuctra*, and *Plataea*, which were then covered with ripe corn, and crossing the full stream of the Asopus, at the base of Mount Cithæron, entered Kokla, in the immediate neighbourhood of Plataea, drenched with rain.

<sup>1</sup> “Monasteries and chapels throughout this country, may generally be regarded as favourable indications of the former situation of the shrines and sanctuaries of ancient Greece.—DR. E. CLARKE.

<sup>2</sup> The brigands having infested the district of Helicon when the writer's party was in the neighbourhood, an English officer, who commanded a troop at Levadia, sent a smart handsome fellow, dressed in the rich Albanian costume, to foot it, as the guide to a reverend fellow-traveller, with the rifleman before mentioned, during the three days' trip to Athens. He had only left the brigands about three weeks to rejoin his military comrades, and might, the captain said, for aught he knew, visit them again before he returned to Levadia; but whether in the service of the king, or of his friends the klephts, his faithfulness was to be depended upon. He proved the best protector under the circumstances.

Here the walls, towers, and vacant platform of the ancient city, with a few broken sarcophagi among the rocks below, on the descent from the citadel, invited a survey. The site is sufficiently elevated to command a full view of the whole of the ground where the celebrated battle was fought, in which a Persian army of three hundred thousand men were routed by the Spartans and Tegeans, with only one-sixth of that number. Not more than three thousand of the conquered escaped from the field, and these were afterwards killed in Macedonia. At the battle of Leuctra, the field of which is marked by a ruined Venetian tower, the Thebans, under Epaminondas, gave the death-blow to Spartan supremacy. The country below looks bare and desolate, although the soil is exceedingly productive. An English eye, accustomed to alternations of woods and woody fences, will scarcely be disposed to credit the richness of the plain before him, in which those umbrageous adornments make no appearance.

Beneath the eastern wall of the citadel is a deep and dry ravine, the only channel within view which could convey the water of the Gargraphian fountain<sup>1</sup> to the Asopus; but, though the writer quitted his party to trace it to its source, neither fountain tree nor shrub appeared, after a long pursuit, to indicate the delicious retreat painted by Ovid, as the scene of Actæon's fatal intrusion upon the privacy of the Goddess of the Chase and her Sphragidian nymphs.<sup>2</sup>

#### ATTICA.

The tourist now leaves Bœotia, by a new carriage road, over Mount Cithæron,<sup>3</sup> which descends to the castellated rock of Gypto-Kastro, the ancient CEnoe,<sup>4</sup> or Eleutheræ. The fortress is Venetian, on ancient foundations, and very extensive; the walls and towers being also in good condition, though not in present use. On his return towards Athens, the tourist may proceed near the walls and towers of an ancient Hellenic city, which lays claim to one or other of the above names, according with the dicta of one or other of our two popular Greek antiquarians; and thence ascending the woodlands, through a magnificent forest, and along the course of the river Saranda-poro, into the plain of Eleusis; or he may travel from Gypto-Kastro to Kondura, and by the *via sacra* to Eleusis or Athens

<sup>1</sup> Gell says that the fountain may be seen leaving the summit of the mountain.

<sup>2</sup> Pausanias, 9. 2. Ovid. Met., 3. 155.

<sup>3</sup> Cithæron is said to be upwards of 4,000 feet high. This mountain was devoted to the Erynnæ: it was the scene of the death of King Pentheus, and of the Bœotian feast of the Dædala.

<sup>4</sup> Gell calls Gypto-Kastro the ancient CEnoe; and St. Miletius (Myùpoli) the ancient Eleutheræ; whilst Colonel Leake reverses these designations.











PLATE XVI.—ELEUSIS. (LEPSINA, *hod.*).

“——Vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum  
Vulgarit arcanæ.”—HORACE.

THE remains of the ancient Hierum of Demeter, whose city disputed the empire of the Athenians before it was conquered by Theseus, are reduced to a few huge blocks of marble, with sculptured torches upon them, and some frusta of large columns.<sup>1</sup> On the hill above the village are ancient cisterns, and still higher up is a church of St. Nicolas, overlooking the bay, built with masonry probably belonging to an antecedent temple of Neptune, the said saint being the Neptune of modern Greek sailors. The summit of this long acropolitian height is occupied by a Venetian tower on Hellenic foundations, which commands an extensive view over the whole district, together with Salamis and the Ægæan; and remnants of a theatre are observable on the descent near the sea.

The port was small and of a circular form: the stones of one of the piers are seen above water, and the corresponding pier may be traced.<sup>2</sup> There are several ancient sculptures on blocks, scattered around and built into recent edifices; but Eleusis makes no appearance that can convey the slightest impression of its ancient importance, as the seat of the famed Eleusinian Mysteries.<sup>3</sup> The mean cottages of the present village are located on a portion of the old site;<sup>4</sup> a circumstance which accounts in a great measure for the utter prostration of the antiquities; for, excepting a few arches which formed part of a Roman aqueduct, that appear in the middle distance of this view, there is scarcely one stone left upon another as originally located. The plain is rich, and the mountains beyond it are of a fine picturesque character. The ancient *via sacra*, which crossed the plain, still remains undisturbed in several places, constituting no inconsiderable portion of the present road between Eleusis and Daphne. The remaining ruins are chiefly foundations, whose intricacies appear to have been traced by Sir William Gell, with great care and industry; they are not such, however, as to attract the curiosity of the general or picturesque tourist.

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Gell traced “very great remains” of the Propylæum, which was an exact copy of the entrance gates of Athens, and built by the same architect.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Chandler.

<sup>3</sup> “They were the remains of a worship which preceded the rise of the Hellenic mythology and its attendant rites, grounded on a view of nature less fanciful, more earnest, and better fitted to awaken both philosophical thought and religious feeling.”—BISHOP THIRLWALL’S *History of Greece*.

“To Eleusis to pay their homage to the awful deities of that place, and to receive, as they believed, by initiation into the mysteries of their worship, both a clearer knowledge of the most abstruse and perplexing questions which could be presented to the intellectual contemplation of man, and also a fuller assurance of their own personal felicity, both in the present and in the future world.”—DR. WORDSWORTH’S *Greece*.

<sup>4</sup> “The site of the Temple of Ceres includes most of the modern village.”—LOAD BROUGHTON. SIR W. GELL.

Between Eleusis and Athens the road is passable for carriages. On the ascent from the bay there is a beautiful lake-like retrospect of it, with Mount Keratá, Salamis, and the mountains of the Morea. The pass of Daphne is now entered, in which there is a monastery, and some remains of a temple of Venus with marks of votive offerings. At the summit of the pass, the Acropolis, Lycabettus, and Hymettus come into full view, over the olive-grounds of the Academy; and nine miles more bring the tourist back to the immortal city, where he will be glad to refresh himself by a short sojourn, before he commences the larger tour of the Peloponnesus.

### PLATE XVII.—THE ACROPOLIS FROM AREOPAGUS.

THE "Areiópagos,"<sup>1</sup> or Mars'-hill, the natural substructions of which form the foreground of the present scene, is a name familiarly known to all Christian readers. It consists of a mass of rock, which springs abruptly from the side of the hill of the Acropolis, not far distant from the great western entrance to the paved way which ascends to the Propylæa. The higher parts of the rock are cut into steps, seats, cisterns, foundations, and other not very intelligible forms, indicating, to curious observers, the purposes for which they were made, as related in story. Here Mars was tried for the murder of Halirrhottus. Here was held the great council which bore the name of the hill itself. Here Orestes was tried for the murder of his mother, and from this spot the Persians made an attack upon the Acropolis; a position which has doubtless been selected for a similar object by warriors of subsequent ages, although their feats may not have been immortalized by the historian. There are other eminences in the vicinity of Athens, along the line of the Pnyx and Musæum range, well adapted for an orator to address a multitude from; but none perhaps so commanding as the Areopagus. From its summit, the hearers, below and around, would find little difficulty in collecting all that was said. Here St. Paul took his stand, environed by the temples and altars and statues of false gods; and, in the midst of the most polished people on earth who worshipped them, he rebuked their superstitions, and preached the truths of his divine mission.<sup>2</sup> The reverence in which the ground he trod upon

<sup>1</sup> "Ἀρείος ὄρος."—SOPHOCLES and EURIPIDES. "Areopagítica petra."—ENNIVS.

<sup>2</sup> "Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars'-hill, and said: Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.

"For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To the Unknown God. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."—*Acts of the Apostles*.











was held, as the dreaded court of criminal judicature, added to the many superstitious associations connected with it,<sup>1</sup> was admirably calculated to aid the Christian orator in making the powerful impression upon his hearers which he is recorded to have done.

The beautiful little Temple of Victory without wings is the first object seen at the extremity of the citadel on the right hand of this design; against it appears the huge *bassi tempi* tower, which has intruded upon these elegant remains, though its presence will not greatly offend the painter's eye; then comes the Propylæa, with the gallery of Polygnotus, and a colossal pedestal without a statue. The great walls of the Acropolis, above which are seen the Parthenon and Erectheum, thence file off in broken perspective to the end of the citadel rock. There are a few remains of large triglyphs imbedded in the northern wall of the Acropolis, which some antiquarians suppose to be parts of an entablature which originally surrounded the whole; not an ungraceful idea; but as they are only found at intervals, and as there are in other places partially fluted blocks of columns (like those at Delos, &c.), stuck in the walls also, it has by others been thought that the whole is merely a congregation of old materials, rather than an original architectural ruin.

Lower down are seen other ancient walls and foundations, which are attributed to the Pelasgians, embracing an additional portion of territory for the city.<sup>2</sup>

There is scarcely a cave or a crevice in the rocks around, that has not some interesting association attached to it, but these are a class of antiquities which the classical tourist would do well not to pry too closely into, especially when they happen to be in the vicinage of large populations.

The hill of Areopagus offers one of the best positions at Athens for contemplating "the flood of fire with which the marble columns, the mountains, and the sea, are all bathed and penetrated by the illumination of an Athenian sunset."<sup>3</sup>

"Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,  
Along Morea's hills, the setting sun :  
Not as in northern climes obscurely bright,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light !  
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws—  
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it flows ;  
On old Ægea's rock and Hydra's isle  
The God of Gladness sheds his parting smile."—BYRON'S *Curse of Minerva*.

<sup>1</sup> Some suppose the cave-like recess among the rocks in the foreground of this scene to be the entrance to the Temple of Erinyes. St. Paul stood immediately above it, on the summit of the rock.

<sup>2</sup> "About two hundred paces lower, yet not quite at the bottom of the hill, are distinctly to be seen the foundations of other walls, encompassing the first almost quite round; which I believe to be those built by Theseus, who first enlarged the city."—WHEELER and SPON.

<sup>3</sup> The Rev. A. P. Stanley.

## THE ÆGÆAN ISLANDS.

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !  
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung ;  
 Where grew the arts of war and peace ;  
 Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung—  
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
 But all, except their sun, is set."—BYRON.

## PLATE XVIII.—ÆGINA (ÆNOPEA).

"Ænopeam veteres appellavere ; sed ipse  
 Æacus Æginam genitricis nomine dixit."—OVID.

It is said that the inhabitants of this island were destroyed by a pestilence, and that Jupiter repopled it, by changing ants into men. Since Greece happens to be very thinly peopled at the present day, the traveller might possibly feel himself relieved from some portion of the annoyance to which he is frequently subjected by those insects, and the country be at the same time greatly benefited, if the metamorphosis were to be repeated.

Ægina is situated in the middle of the Saronic Gulf, about twelve miles from either shore. It is better cultivated than Attica, and the port and town on its shore are located on the antique site. The remains of a Temple of Venus just above the town, of a Roman mosaic in the town, of a few tombs and wells, and of the Temple called Jupiter Panhellenius,<sup>1</sup> about two and a half hours distant (to which there is a pleasant ride), are the chief objects of interest. The position of this latter temple is very fine, but the country around is arid, and merely spotted with stunted stone-pines, mastic bushes, and young cedars.

Dr. Wordsworth disputes the position of the Temple of Jupiter, which he places on Mount Oros, the high conical mountain at the end of the island, as more in accordance with the account of Pausanias. He considers this temple to have been dedicated to Minerva, from the statue of that goddess being prominent among the sculptures, as well as from an inscription in the vicinity. Colonel Leake prefers the old dedication. A Greek inscription, on a fragment of an architrave, which was found among the *débris* of the building, is urged, by the French Commission,<sup>2</sup> in proof of the popular impression ; but the learned Doctor suspects it to be a forgery,<sup>3</sup>

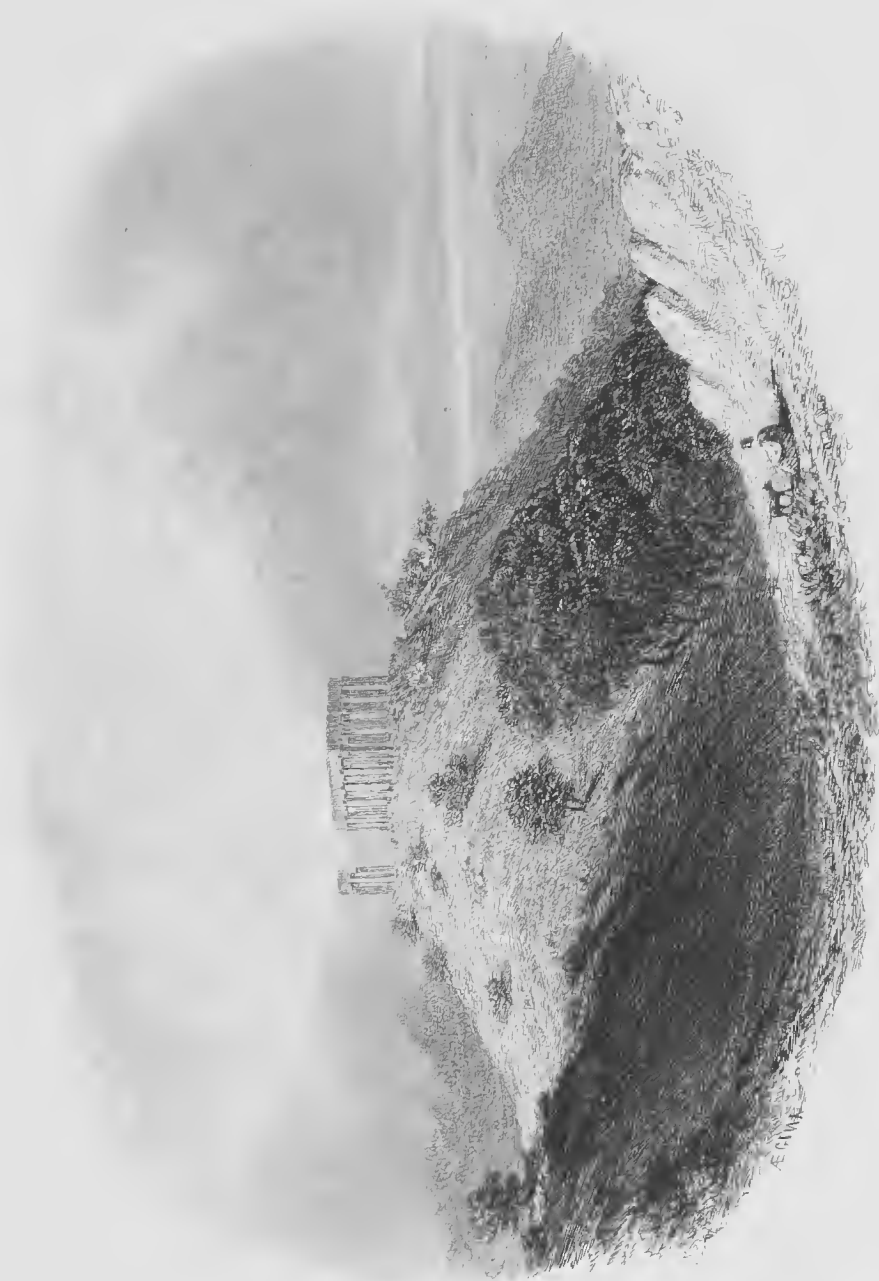
<sup>1</sup> Erected B.C. 520 : the most ancient temple in Greece, after Corinth.

<sup>2</sup> The splendid work of the French Commission is illustrated with coloured restorations of this temple.

<sup>3</sup> "Athens and Attica."









from its not being couched in the Doric (*Æginetan*) dialect. The temple is built of a soft porous stone, which is covered with a thin stucco, like the temples and halls at Pompei, and the old temple at Corinth; and the architrave and cornice were elegantly painted. The pavement, and the exterior walls of the cella, were found to be covered with a fine stucco of a vermillion colour; and the tympana were painted blue;<sup>1</sup> the architraves and cornices also were elegantly painted.

### STATUE AND TEMPLE PAINTING.

CANOVA is related by Bourrienne to have proved to the first Emperor Napoleon, by examples drawn from the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Italians, that religion alone had caused the arts to flourish in ancient as well as in modern times. The blocks of wood and stone,<sup>2</sup> which were the earliest objects of religious worship in Greece, as elsewhere, were painted with brilliant colours, gilded, silvered, and clothed with real drapery.<sup>3</sup> As time advanced, when materials improved, and imitative art began to dawn, the sculptor<sup>4</sup> was called in to give form and grace and beauty to the rude idol; but that any special grace to dispense with these decorations was shown to public sculptures in marble, which was not granted to those of wood or stone, can only be conjectured from the numerous statues which have descended to us entirely free from colour; unless, which is not improbable, they were executed under private influences, free from sacerdotal mandates and ordinances, and for the honour and glory of art alone: for the great fame<sup>5</sup> of the chryselephantine statues, by Phidias, would seem to

<sup>1</sup> Dodwell.

<sup>2</sup> See Jeremiah, chap. x, *passim*.

<sup>3</sup> Baruch vi. Ezekiel xxiii, 14. Jeremiah xxii, 14.

<sup>4</sup> "All accounts agree that the earliest productions of statuary among the Greeks, and perhaps among any other people, were consecrated to the service of religion."—BISHOP THIRLWALL'S *Greece*.

"Greek art sprang from Greek religion. Art, among the Greeks, was an occupation of a priestly character; as it belonged to her to lift the veil of mystery which concealed the gods, so was it also her office to exalt and consecrate the human forms under which they could alone be represented. The image of the god was no mere copy from common and variable life; it was stamped with a supernatural grandeur, which raised the mind to a higher world."—KÜLLER'S *Handbook, &c.*, edited by Sir C. L. Eastlake.

<sup>5</sup> "Adeo majestas operis æquavit Deum."—QUINTIL. *Inst. Orat.*, 12. 10.

"The statues of the Parthenon at Athens were originally painted and gilded; and, however contrary the practice may seem to our notions of taste, a custom of painting statues, and of gilding the hair of images representing celestial beings, has continued, without intermission, from the age of Pericles, and the golden-haired Apollos of Greece, down to the æra of those Italian artists who filled our English churches with alabaster monuments, where, besides the painted effigies of our ancestors, may be seen the figures of angels with gilded wings and gilded hair."—DR. E. D. CLARKE'S *Travels in Turkey, &c.*

"L'usage de colorer ou de diversifier par des couleurs les ouvrages de la sculpture faits avant fut pratiqué à différents degrés dans tous les siècles de l'antiquité."—QUATREMERE DE QUINCY. *Jup. Ol.* p. 6.

"The practice of colouring statues is undoubtedly as ancient as the art of statuary itself."—DR. W. SMITH.

"Sculpture partook of the same system of polychromy as architecture."—GOTTFRIED SEMPER.

prove that varied colours, ivory, gold, and precious stones, were not considered derogatory to the dignity or beauty of a public religious work of art, when even such costly and parti-coloured materials were employed in their construction, and this too, in the palmiest days of Grecian sculpture.

This decorative system being once established, its continuance as a religious art-practice must have become imperative; since, by long usage, it cannot but have so associated itself, in the popular mind, with the forms and characters of the several deities represented,<sup>1</sup> as to render any attempt at its discontinuance almost an act of sacrilege. In these days, however, the tawdry attributes of the pagan divinities can have no interest with the true artist, except as historical curiosities, now the divinities themselves are banished from the civilized globe; nor do they possess any rightful claim to be admitted into the practice of the sculptor's art (great as was the authority, in ancient times, which sanctioned their employment for special and nationally sacred purposes), since they never constituted an integral portion of that art, but were merely a religious infliction upon it. A slight glance at the conditions on which sculpture is based as an imaginative art, will be sufficient to show that it cannot combine with painting, without sacrificing its high character.

Sculpture and painting, as imitative arts, address the imagination in different modes; neither of which, in its integrity, is encroached upon by

<sup>1</sup> The statues of Jupiter, Bacchus, and Pan, in addition to their usual symbols, were painted red; as was the Re of ancient Egypt. "By the purple and the scarlet which are moth-eaten upon them," (the idols).—*Baruch* vi. The golden-haired Venus—the azure-robed Latona—the blue eyes and crocus coloured robe of Minerva—the purple mantle of Empedocles—the fair-hair'd Rhea—the silver-footed Thetis—the snowy locks of Saturn. Osiris was painted black and green—the Athena of Strias white, and the hair of Apollo and Narcissus was gilded, &c.

The distinguishing attributes of the various deities of the pagan world, which almost necessarily entailed the use of paint, drapery, and costly gems, were imitated in the saints of the Christian world, in later times.

"The painted and dressed images of Spain tally in the minutest particulars with those which were introduced from Babylon and Egypt into Greece and Rome. For example, the Virgin in La Concepcion is always painted in blue and white. The superb embroidered dresses of the Virgin in Spain afford constant occupation to the wealthy and devout."—See FORD's admirable *Handbook of Spain*.

"St. John (Baptist) is always dressed in green, and Judas Iscariot in yellow, while his hair is always red." "In *Ecce Homo*, and the Crucifixion, Christ is clothed in a purple mantle, as the emblem of sovereignty—the Virgin Mary in a blue mantle, with a pink tunic—St. John the Evangelist with a white mantle, to denote his purity—St. Peter with an ochrous or orange-coloured mantle," &c.—PACHECO's *Arte della Pittura*.

"Solomon, in the temple which he built to the Lord, made cherubim to the glory of God, and adorned them with various colours. The Saviour is painted as holding in his hand a globe, with a cross upon it. The images of the saints are rightly done in gold and silver draperies, and crowned, or adorned with precious vests. The angels were clothed in white, and not in purple vests."—MOLANI, *Imagines et Picturæ*.

It has been usual to consider the practice of painting or staining statues as a mere matter of taste and choice, when the whole scheme sprang from religious requirements, which none but unbelievers would think of ignoring. In earlier ages, Moses used purple stuffs for the works of the tabernacle and the dresses of the high-priest. God commanded Moses to receive for religious offerings violet, and purple, and scarlet twice dyed, and gold, and silver, and brass, &c., &c.—*Exodus* xxv. Doubtless other colours had their specific influences, which prevented them from being lightly set aside. Cicero and Pliny inform us that purple (red) had the power of assuaging the anger of the gods.



the other. Painting employs a flat surface, and creates an appearance of relief and distance, by means of outline, light and shade, and colour—sculpture employs form only; a substantial “round” or copy of the original being the result. Painting rejects relief, the attribute of sculpture; and sculpture rejects colour, the characterizing attribute of painting. Thus each art excludes a means which the other possesses, and it is this exclusion<sup>1</sup> which calls the imagination into play, and secures to those arts, par excellence, the character of imitative arts. If the two arts be combined, the union is no longer *imitative*, but *deceptive*. A relieved picture is an unsuggestive group of painted models; a painted statue is a single model, which admits of no speculation, no scope for imagination. When colourless, a statue is a suggestive work of art; when painted, it is no longer suggestive, but is a vulgar mockery or repetition of nature—but of nature without life.<sup>2</sup> The transitory glitter of the lively and intelligent eye in nature, becomes fixed into a corpse-like and motionless glare in the painted statue. It is this absence of motion, or seeming vitality, when all the other visible attributes of a human being are presented to the spectator, which impresses a feeling of horror allied to disgust on those who are not familiar with such exhibitions. Our modern wax-work figures are of this class—add such motion as the mechanist can bestow, and the productions become objects of sheer ridicule: they may amuse as efforts of ingenuity, but they can have no effect as works of imagination. The painted minikins which dance by clock-work on a barrel-organ, or on the stage, are still more deceptive than painted statues, since they display not only form and colour, but motion also. But in pure sculpture there is a severity of character, an ideality, which is destroyed by colour; for colour conveys the impression of gross reality, which abstract form does not; and reality being once indicated in sculpture, imagination is put to flight, and the poetry of the art vanishes.

The painting of temples, like the painting of statues, appears to have

<sup>1</sup> “The principle is the same in all the arts; for whether directly imitative or not, all set out with restrictions, and all excite wonder and delight when these restrictions cease to be felt as such.” “The perfection of style requires that the imitation, however really imperfect with reference to nature, or even with reference to other modes of representation, should suggest no want.” “Art, as such, can never be literally confounded with nature. The very existence of imitation depends on the condition that its means should be different from those of nature.”—SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE’S *Contributions to Art Literature*.

<sup>2</sup> “A statue coloured to the life might deceive the spectator for a moment, but he would presently discern that life and motion were wanting; and the imitation would be consequently perceived to be incomplete.” “The flesh (of a marble statue), from wanting colour, sets out with a departure from nature, and the condition of imitation requires that no other substance should surpass it in resemblance to its prototype.”—*Id.*

A very interesting paper on colouring statues was read at Cambridge, by Mr. Westmacott, the sculptor, during the meeting of the Archæological Society, in 1854.—See No. 44 of their *Journal*.

been prevalent among the earlier nations. Being constructed also of wood, such decorative treatment became absolutely needful, if only for the preservation of the buildings. As the sacred homes or receptacles of the gorgeously caparisoned deities, too, it is more than probable that they were decked out with equal splendour.<sup>1</sup> When these edifices, in after times, were constructed of stone and marble, it is equally probable that the practice of adorning them as religious shrines, was in some degree at least continued, for it would be too much to expect that the public eye would entirely sacrifice the splendours of colour (to the admiration of which it had been educated under religious auspices), in favour of simple white, though reflected from a more costly material. "The buildings," as Dr. Wordsworth says, "were enriched with a profusion of vivid colours, which threw around the fabrics a joyful and festive beauty, admirably harmonizing with the brightness and transparency of the atmosphere which encircled them."<sup>2</sup>

The architectural remains still existing in Greece, and Sicily as well as in Italy, and in the various cabinets and museums in Europe, together with the researches and notices of classical architects and other distinguished travellers, confirm the opinion of Colonel Leake, (himself a high authority), that "painting temples was evidently a familiar practice among the Greeks in the time of Pericles,"<sup>3</sup> and, as may perhaps be more readily believed, at all other periods of her history. When we find that the architecture of the Assyrians, the Egyptians, the Jews, the Babylonians, and even the Indians in the East, and in Central America in the West, nations which may be said to have commanded the globe for thousands of years, was remarkable for its display of richly coloured ornamentation, however we may disapprove, we can scarcely doubt that even the more tasteful Greek must have been in some degree influenced by so universal a practice.<sup>4</sup> The multitude in all ages appear to have delighted in varied

<sup>1</sup> "Among the earliest discoverers was Professor Donaldson, who, in the year 1830, fully proved that the whole surface of the marble temples at Athens was originally coloured."—PROFESSOR SEMPER.

"Monumental polychromy must now, therefore, be considered in a new light. It is no longer the enthusiastic speculation of a few artists or antiquarians, but the historian, the scholar, the antiquary, and the artist, all unite to support its evidence with their authority; and, at length, it commences to be appreciated by the public, who are becoming weary of the monotony of naked architecture."—*Idem*, in *Classical Museum*.

<sup>2</sup> "I observed that polychromic architecture was practised by the Greeks in all ages, who endeavoured, by so doing, to add to the elegance of their buildings, without detracting from their majesty; and that this system of colouring, when applied under a pure sky, enlivened by a brilliant sunshine, and surrounded by a gorgeous vegetation, was the only means of bringing the work of art in harmony with the richness of nature."—HITTORF.

<sup>3</sup> "La première manière d'appliquer les couleurs, en les subordonnant à des vues purement architectoniques, était si généralement pratiquée dans la plus belle époque de l'architecture grecque, qu'on peut assurer hardiment, comme il a été déjà remarqué, que tous les temples grecs étaient peints, plus ou moins."—BRÖNDSTED. *Voyage et Recherches en Grèce*.

<sup>4</sup> "The existence can now be proved of the same colours on the monuments of Athens, as those which I had discovered on the Sicilian temples; and as I had suggested that they had been applied to









colours; the love of them, with rare exceptions, seems to be instinctive in the human race; taste may modify, affectation may repress, but nothing can extinguish it.

The writer has already ventured to record his opinion as an Artist respecting the impropriety of applying colours to works of Sculptural Art. Architecture, not being an imitative Art, is not necessarily confined by such stringent laws; indeed a building may be so designed as to admit of the richest ornamentation that colours and gilding can bestow, as in Gothic edifices:—but the simple dignity of Greek buildings would appear to be more or less vitiated by the introduction of such attractions, especially when they are employed to excess. Finery and Fine Art do not harmonize. In addition also to a consideration of the character of the Architecture, whether it be that of simple grandeur, or of intricacy and variety, the colouring, if colour be employed at all, should be governed by the climate. Where external nature develops her tints freely, the popular mind is prepared for similar displays on public or private edifices; but where such developments do not obtain, a more moderate share of these excitements will probably be found sufficient.

## PLATE XIX.—SYRA.

“*Ἐυχοτός, ἑυμηλός, οἶνοπληθής, πολέπυρος.*”<sup>1</sup>—HOM. OD.

THE island of Syra is near the centre of the Cyclades, and its capital is one of the most important commercial depôts in Greece—one half of the revenue from foreign traffic being realized here. The town, which has a very noble appearance from its fine harbour, as well as from the heights above, consists of an upper and a lower division—the upper, or conical mass of buildings, being the old but poor Roman-Catholic town, the lower or Greek-Church town being a scion of the other day. They are both very mean, and shabby, and dirty; and the inns are wretched, as far as food is concerned. Steamers to and from Athens, Constantinople, Smyrna, Beyrout, Alexandria, Malta, Ancona, Trieste, Marseilles, and Gibraltar, may be said to “call here every day.” It

the monuments throughout all Grecian countries, and especially in those parts where Hellenic principles had been implanted, and had been preserved in their primitive beauty.”

“The Temple of Empedocles at Selinunte (which is most gorgeously coloured in the architect’s restoration) was executed in the most brilliant period of Grecian art.”—HITTORF.

Not only were temples painted, but Greek tombs, as recently opened at Canosa, and palaces and houses, as at Pompei and Herculaneum. “What constitutes the charm of the houses of Pompei is the variety of decoration that abounds in them,” says Mr. Falkener, the architect.

<sup>1</sup> In pastures rich, in bleating flocks replete,  
In wine abounding, and in golden wheat.

is a desirable centre whence the rest of the Cyclades may be visited at pleasure. No antiquities worthy of inquiry.

“Among the ancient customs still existing in Syra, the ceremonies of the vintage are particularly conspicuous. Before sunrise, a number of young women are seen coming towards the town, covered with the branches and leaves of the vine; when they are met or accompanied by their lovers, singing loud songs, and joining in a circular dance. This is evidently the *orbicular choir*. *Ἐγκύκλιος χορός*,<sup>1</sup> who sang the dithyrambi, and danced that species of song in praise of Bacchus. Thus do the present inhabitants of these islands exhibit a faithful portraiture of the manners and customs of their progenitors; the ceremonies of ancient Greece have not been swept away by the revolutions of the country; even the representations of the theatre, the favourite exhibition of the Attic drama, are yet beheld, as they existed among the people, before they were removed from the scenes of common life to become the ornaments of the Grecian stage.”<sup>2</sup>

The view of Syra which is here represented, is taken from the ascent up the rocky glen above the towns, looking over to Delos and Rhenea on the right, the round hill above Myconi in the centre, and the Isle of Andros on the left hand. The lighthouse rock of Syra appears in the offing.

As the tourist approaches Delos, in his passage from Syra (a pleasant sea excursion of eighteen miles in an open boat), he will find it convenient to land at Rhenea, and walk across that island, which is celebrated as the burial-place of the smaller and more sacred isle; in order that he may have an opportunity of examining the funereal antiquities still existing on the farther shore, which are very elegant and of a pure Greek taste. His boat will go round the headland to the straits immediately beneath the hill of the tombs, and convey him across, when his survey is completed, to the little bay or harbour near to the remains of the Temple of Apollo.

<sup>1</sup> Æschylus.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Clarke.





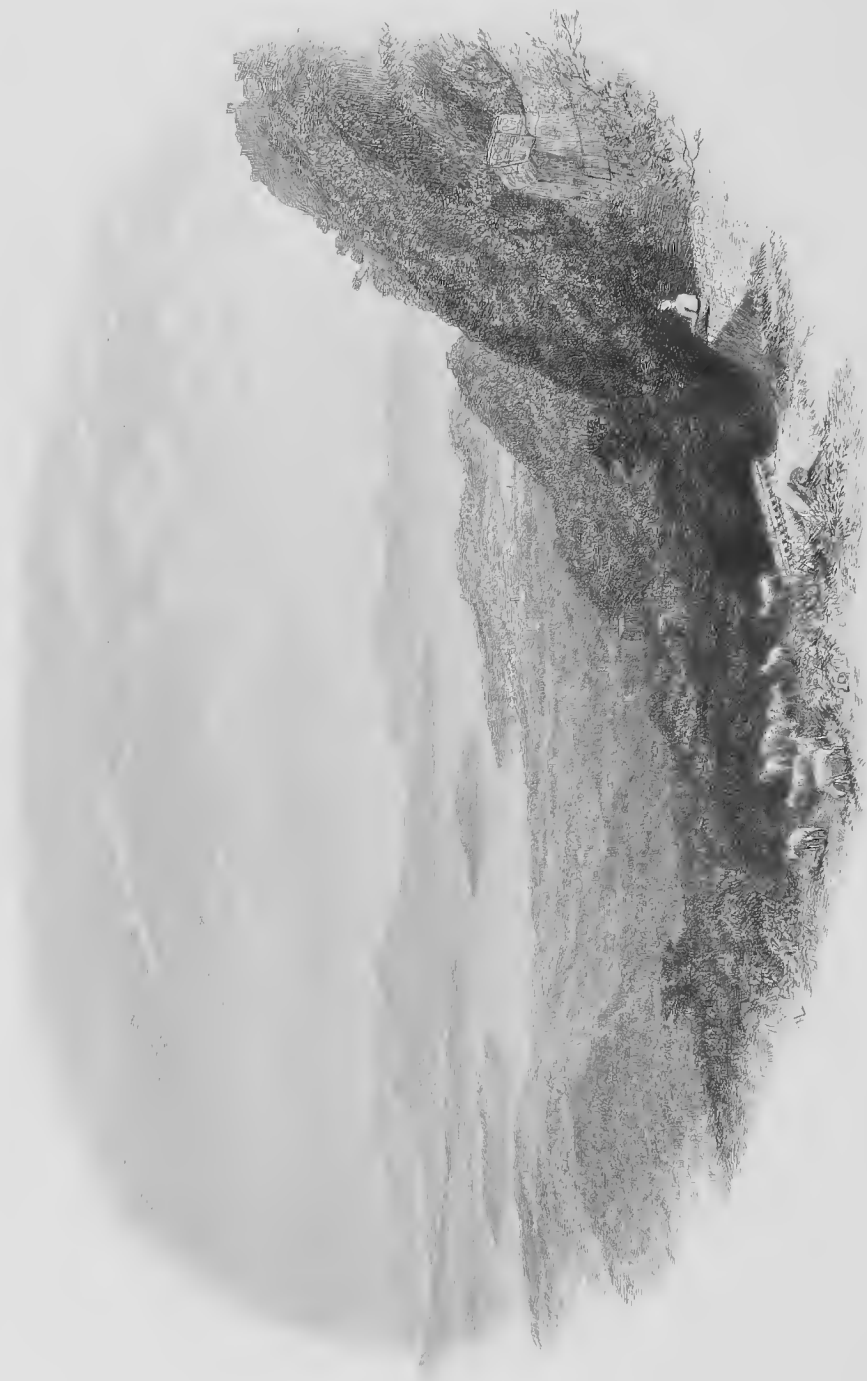






PLATE XX.—DELOS.<sup>1</sup>

—— “egressi veueramur Apollinis urbem.”—VIRGIL.

“A song was heard of old—a low sweet song,  
On the blue seas by Delos : from that isle,  
The Sun-God’s own domain, a gentle girl,  
Gentle—yet all-inspired of soul, of mien,  
Lit with a light too perilously bright,  
Was borne away to die. How beautiful  
Seems this world to the dying !—but for *her*,  
The child of beauty and of poesy,  
And of soft Grecian skies—oh ! who may dream  
Of all that from *her* changeful eye flashed forth,  
Or glanced more quivering through starry tears,  
As on her land’s rich vision, fane o’er fane  
Coloured with loving light—she gazed her last,  
Her young life’s last, that hour ! From her pale brow  
And burning cheek she threw the ringlets back,  
And bending forward—as the spirit swayed  
The reed-like form, still to the shore beloved,  
Breathed the swan-music of her wild farewell  
O’er dancing waves.”—MRS. HEMANS.<sup>2</sup>

DELOS<sup>3</sup> the birth-place of Apollo and Artemis, so renowned in classic story for its sanctuary, which was held in great veneration by all the nations of Greece, is now a barren mountainous wilderness, without a human inhabitant. Its marble temples and porticos are reduced to fragments and foundations. Mount Cynthus, which rises in the centre of the island to an elevation of about five hundred feet, was the ancient Acropolis ; remnants of walls and marble *débris* are to be seen on its summit, and steps are left on the ascent, with a Cyclopean doorway or rude gate, constructed of huge unshaped blocks, thrown across in the manner of a rustic arch, a work that will still endure for ages.<sup>4</sup> The whole surface of the larger half of the island bristles with marble ruins from the summit of the Acropolis down to the sea-shore, near which may be seen the prostrate remains of the

<sup>1</sup> “Terre, soleil, vallons, belle et douce Nature,  
Je vous dois une larme aux bords de mon tombeau ;  
L’air est si parfumé ! la lumière est si pure !  
Aux regards d’un Mourant le soleil est si beau !”—LAMARTINE.

<sup>2</sup> Part of a poem written by Mrs. Hemans to accompany an engraving from a picture of the Grecian Theoria at Delos, painted by the author of this work many years ago.

<sup>3</sup> Ipsaque longe clarissima, Cycladum media, templo Apollinis et mercatu celebrata, Delos.—PLINY, lib. iv, c. 12.

<sup>4</sup> The roofs of the temples at Pallenque, in Central America, are built in this rude manner—(See CATHERWOOD’S *Central America*)—

Sir George Wheeler, who made a careful examination of this interesting island, remarked that, on the ascent to Mount Cynthus, he saw a gateway built of large rocks ; and that foundations of white marble still existed on the summit. The ascent was by steps, with walls on each side, that left the passage open, which was embellished with porticos, cloisters, and other admirable buildings, as may be seen from the quantity of columns, pedestals, friezes, altars, and other pieces of marble.

temple of Apollo and the portico of Philip. Bushes of lentisk and myrtle are interwoven with the scattered ruins in all directions. The little circular bay in front of the temple and portico is still the landing-place as in olden days, and is bordered by a beautiful belt of silvery sand, on the edge of which, gently laved by the clear waters of the Ægæan, a frustum of one of the white marble columns of Apollo's fane is placed to receive the foot of the modern tourist as he steps upon the hallowed territory. Judging from the number and beauty of these ruins, Delos must have been a most gorgeous place in ancient times. The island was dedicated to Apollo, and no birth or death was suffered to occur in it; the neighbouring island of Rhenea being resorted to on all such occasions. To this sacred spot the triennial Theoria of the Athenians came in great pomp and splendour, especially at the time when Nicias commanded it.<sup>1</sup>

Besides the many elegant remains of buildings in a style of pure Greek art, ruins are seen of later dates, chiefly Roman, but a cursory glance at the latter will betray their inferiority both in taste and masonry.<sup>2</sup> At one time Delos was a great commercial emporium. The Corinthians settled here after the burning of their city by Mummius.

The view here presented is taken from the ascent to the Acropolis, near the Cyclopean gate: the "round lake" appears near the curved bay, on the right; the Temple of Apollo lying between them. The island by which the bridge of Nicias connected Rhenea with Delos, is seen off the little harbour. The two portions of Rhenea are beyond the strait, and the islands of Tenos and Andros occupy the extreme distance.

## PLATE XXI.—HYDRA (ARISTERA), (HYDREA).

A romantically situated town in an island of the same name, and near to the coast of Argolis. It was formerly a place of great commercial importance, and its inhabitants were considered wealthy. The trade of the

<sup>1</sup> See an account of the Theoria in Plutarch's life of Nicias. When Theseus was sent to Crete to be devoured by the Minotaur, he made a vow to Apollo that if the god would allow him and his young Athenian companions to return in safety, they would pay a pious visit every year to his temple at Delos. Hence the Theoria. There was also a quinquennial festival in Delos instituted by Theseus in honour of Venus.

<sup>2</sup> These are attributed to the Emperor Hadrian, who erected here a city called New Athens.

The round (oval?) lake, *τροχόεσσα λίμνη* of Callimachus, not far from the Temple of Apollo, is now called the Naumachia. "The river Inopus of Strabo," says Wheeler, "is not to be found" (*Inopus fons*—PLINY); and Tournefort adds: "Nous avons si bien parcouru cette île dans les quatre voyages que nous y avons faits, que nous pouvons assurer qu'il n'y a point d'eau courante." The bronze palm, dedicated to Apollo has not left a fragment, and the horned altar, one of the seven wonders of the world, has entirely perished. The marble ruins have served for a quarry to the Turks and the neighbouring islanders; and have doubtless been robbed of their artistic sculptures by more distant depredators: among others, the Russians and Venetians have the credit of carrying off whole ship-loads of antiquities.











island has greatly decreased, and the population is reduced from 20,000 to 4,000.

It was here that the Greek Revolution is said to have first commenced. Hydra, as a view from sea, is the Genoa of Greece.<sup>1</sup> It looks like a galaxy of marble palaces, rising from the recesses of two bays, tier above tier, to a great height; each roof seemingly a terrace to the dwelling above. A bold rocky promontory, crested with windmills carrying numberless sails, projects into the sea from the midst, and ends in a precipitous bluff, with a ruined round tower on its summit.

Notwithstanding all this splendour, the surrounding shores of the island, as well as the hills above, present a bleak appearance. "What a spot you have chosen for your country!" said Mr. Waddington to the Greek admiral Tombazi, at the time of the Revolution. "It was Liberty that chose the spot—not we," was the patriot's ready reply.

Herodotus states that this island was given by the people of Hermione to the Samian exiles. Colonel Leake thinks it may have been a place of some importance in ancient times. Pausanias merely mentions its position.

Sir J. Emerson Tennant, who appears to have, like the writer, spent more than an average allowance of his travelling time on this island, gives a very graphic account of it. "The town, on approaching it from the sea, presents an extremely beautiful prospect; its large white houses rise up suddenly from the sea, along the precipitous cliffs which form its harbour; every little crag displayed the white sails of an immense number of windmills, and every peak was bristling with a battery. In the back-ground, the rugged and barren summits of the rocks which form the island, with scarcely a speck of cultivation, or a single tree, are crowned with numerous monasteries. On one is stationed a guard, to observe the approach of ships; and his look-out extending to an immense distance, the Hydriots have, in general, the earliest intimation of any important naval movement. The streets, from the rugged situation of the town, are precipitous and uneven; but, to one arriving from the Peloponnesus, their cleanliness is their strongest recommendation. The quay, for the entire sweep of the harbour, is lined with storehouses and shops, which carry on the little external traffic that remains, whilst their numbers show the former extent of the Hydriot commerce. The houses are built in the most substantial manner, and, with the exception of their flat roofs, on European models.

<sup>1</sup> "The town, which appears suspended in the air, contains more than 1500 houses."—FOQUEVILLE.

"The white houses of this singularly interesting city, hanging in the form of an amphitheatre upon a steep mountain, appear like a mass of snow, and present one of the most magnificent scenes imaginable.—WADDINGTON.

The apartments are large and airy, and the halls spacious, and always paved with marble. The walls are so thick as almost to supersede the necessity of sun-blinds in the niches of their deepest windows. The furniture, half Turkish and half European, combines the luxury of one with the convenience of the other, whilst its solidity and want of ornament show that it has been made for comfort, and not for ostentation."

Though it is not the writer's wish to obtrude more of his trifling adventures than may serve as hints to those who happen to take the same route, he cannot omit to relate one which occurred at Hydra. He hired a caique, a small decked craft with four hands, at Napoli di Romania, to make the tour of the Argolic islands, and as he did not anticipate any novelties during the early part of the voyage, he embarked at midnight, and arrived the following afternoon in the harbour of Hydra. A merchant vessel had arrived there during the previous night *without her papers*, and had rashly landed her crew without the cognizance of the customs. This "untoward event" of course put the whole island under quarantine, and every vessel which *touched* (prior to the return of the boat from Syra, nearly 100 miles off, which had been dispatched for the papers of the evil vessel), was subjected to an embargo. All prayers and entreaties on the part of the writer, with displays of official letters of introduction, were of no avail. He, with his servant and boat's crew, were compelled to part with their liberty for at least four days (had the vessel been from Egypt or Syria, it would in all probability, have been as many weeks). On landing, he hired a small chamber on the quay, the best lodging that could be procured, and, directing it to be put in order, left the bustling place to take a survey of the scenery around. On returning to his apartment, he found that neither luggage nor servant were in possession. The faithful Demetrius, however, soon appeared, and informed him that the commandant of the garrisons of the islands had heard of the writer's dilemma, and ordering the luggage to be sent to his private domicile, *without either personal interview or letter of introduction, had given up his bed to the stranger, and caused a temporary one to be erected for himself on the roof in the open air!* The writer need scarcely add, that he experienced the utmost kindness and hospitality during this singular quarantine. His military entertainer spoke Italian and French fluently, though he had never been either in Italy or France; he was an Asiatic Greek by birth; a handsome, active, and well-dressed officer, whose whole soul was devoted to his profession and his country's liberty. On returning to Athens, the writer was informed that the commandant had had the district awarded to him for his valorous services in the war of freedom.





22

Porto









## PLATE XXII.—POROS (SPHÆRIA).

AN island off Trœzen<sup>1</sup> in Argolis, at the mouth of the Gulf of Ægina. Poros may be called the Portsmouth of Greece, and it possesses one of the noblest harbours in the world. The town is built on a ridge of granitic rocks, and has a very beautiful appearance, with its spacious bay and surrounding mountains.

Poros is the *Hiera* of Pausanias, who, speaking of it as an island emerged from the sea, says it emitted fire from its highest point.<sup>2</sup> Both crests of the Athenian Gulf, at its embouchure, exhibit unmistakeable evidences of volcanic action; lava or granite taking place of the usual limestone formation.

It was in a temple of Neptune on the neighbouring island of Calauria that Demosthenes poisoned himself to avoid the fury of Antipater. The ruins of this edifice, which are exceedingly scanty, are found on the most elevated part of the island, about an hour distant from Poros. The summit which they occupy is between 900 and 1000 feet above the level of the sea.

Crossing by the ferry to the opposite shore from Poros, the tourist may stroll through luxuriant orange grounds to the birth-place of Hercules, Trœzen (*Theseia Trœzen*). Pausanias mentions eight temples at Trœzen, besides a stadium, theatre, statues, altars, sepulchres, &c., which are now no more. The plain is for the most part dry and covered with stunted bushes; near the sea, however, the farms and cultivation give it a more cheerful aspect.

The village is situated at the head of the plain beneath the mountains; the ancient Acropolis, being (according to the fancy of the antiquarian) on a detached hill immediately above, where there is now a monastery, or half-a-mile nearer to Oranolithi on a much higher rock—the latter combines well in picture with the mountains and gulf up to Megara and the Scironian rocks; the most richly cultivated part of the plain covered with olives and oranges occupying the middle ground beneath the village. The whole demi-panoramic range of mountains from Geranion to Sunium, including both sides of the Gulf of Egina, is finely varied;—Trœzen is the very point whence landscape distances may be studied to perfection.

The range of dark pointed summits which intercept by their lower extremity the view of Athens over the Trœzenian plain, is mentioned by

<sup>1</sup> Ποσειδώνια, *ant.*—Pæstum in Italy, and Halicarnassus in Asia Minor, were colonies of Trœzen.

<sup>2</sup> Lib. 8 and 10.

Strabo as a volcano in full activity; and Ovid speaks of a treeless mountain near Trœzen (Met. 15) having usurped the place of a broad plain.

Sir Charles Lyell makes the following observations on this ancient volcanic elevation: "At Methone, or Mothone (now Modon), in Messenia, about three centuries before our æra, an eruption threw up a great volcanic mountain, which is represented by Strabo as being nearly four thousand feet in height; but the magnitude of the hill requires confirmation. Some suppose that the accounts of the formation of a hill near Trœzen, of which the date is unknown, may refer to the same event."

The best evidence that it does so refer, consists in the fact that there is no mountain near Modon of any such elevation, while at Trœzen in Argolis there is. Add to which, the district of Trœzen is especially volcanic, whilst that of Modon or Methone in Messenia is not. Change Methone into Methana, and all the circumstances apply correctly. The many-peaked volcanic Methana, which is higher than Vesuvius, did not exist in the earlier days of Athens. At that period the Cecropian Acropolis was visible from Trœzen,<sup>1</sup> but it was concealed from view about the third century before Christ, by the elevation of this new mountain.

To those who considered burning mountains an acquisition to fine scenery, this great estuary must have exhibited a most strikingly beautiful appearance when Methana, with perhaps Poros, was in full eruption. The magnificent lake-like scene, nearly fifty miles in length by twenty-five in width, diversified by islands and rocks of every shape and size, and surrounded, from the sea to the isthmus of Corinth, by the noble mountains above alluded to, with the great volcano upwards of four thousand feet high in the centre—Athens, Ægina, and Sunium all within view, from several points on either side the gulf, must have presented a *coup d'œil* never surpassed on earth.

<sup>1</sup> Hippolytus, Eurip.: also Diodorus. The volcano was burning in Strabo's time.

It is a lower portion of the eastern ridge of Methana, the great volcanic upheave, which shuts out the sight of Athens from Trœzen. The Athenian Acropolis is still seen from the heights behind. See also Leake's Morea.









# SOUTHERN GREECE.

## THE MOREA, OR PELOPONNESUS.

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### ARGOLIS.

#### PLATE XXIII.—PIDAVRO (EPIDAUROS).

*“ Ἀμπελόεντ’ Ἐπιδαυρον.”*—HOM.

*“ Domitrixque Epidaurus equorum.”*—VIRG.

To the traveller who has been buffeted by the little classic billows of the Athenian Gulf, during four-and-twenty hours, this smooth sequestered bay, overhung by high mountains, cannot but prove a haven of satisfaction.

“ Now sank the sun, now twilight sank, and night  
Rode in her zenith ; not a passing breeze  
Sigh’d to the grove, which in the midnight air  
Stood motionless, and in the peaceful floods  
Inverted hung ; for now the billow slept  
Along the shore, nor heav’d the deep, but spread  
A shining mirror to the moon’s pale orb,  
Which, dim and waning, o’er the shadowy cliffs,  
The solemn woods, and lofty mountain tops,  
Her glimmering faintness threw.”—DR. BROWN.<sup>1</sup>

Pidavro is a small village and seaport, and was remarkable in ancient times as the landing-place for visitors to the renowned valley of the Hieron of Esculapius, a few miles distant on the road to Nauplia. Homer speaks of its wine-growing celebrity, and the district around still supports the character it possessed. The ancient city stood on the peninsular rock which projects into the centre of the bay; portions of its acropolitan walls, and a remnant or two of statuary of little or no note, with fragments of small columns are all that the most persevering antiquarian can descry amid the dense masses of vegetation which cover the whole spot. Pausanias is of little use to the traveller here, from the extreme insignificance of the remains existing: his temple of Juno has been conjectured from a few small Doric frusta, but unless the promontory be at least partially cleared no satisfactory inquiry can be prosecuted.

<sup>1</sup> See Cumberland’s Works.

This beautiful and repositive harbour, with the broad and massive mountains which enclose it, the rich and highly cultivated plain and rising grounds which skirt the water, the craggy peninsula on which the ancient city stood, and the more evident elevation above the little port on which the Greek chapel now stands, all combine to form a picture which is more than grateful after the dry and burnt-up landscape of Attica. To a tourist nurtured among the prolific greeneries of a moist climate the change is exceedingly delightful. Epidaurus used to be famous for its horses, but that period has passed away: their coats and their points remind one more of the rough steeds of Gainsborough than the glossy ones of Landseer. On the ascent towards Iero, looking back over Pidavro, a noble view of the bay and valley, the old acropolis, the whole range of mountains to Ornolthis and across the blue Ægæan, the serrated promontory of Methana, with the island of Ægina, make a comprehensive picture of a Claude-like character.

#### PLATE XXIV.—PIADA.

BEFORE finally quitting Pidavro, the landscape tourist should not omit to visit the romantic district of Piada, not two hours distant. The horse-track lies among rich and finely varied hanging woods, interspersed with lentisk, cactus opuntia, aloes, and every variety of fragrant and flowering shrub,

“Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side  
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,  
Fenc’d up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,  
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,  
Rear’d high their flourish’d heads between, and wrought  
Mosaic; underfoot the violet,  
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
Broider’d the ground, more colour’d than with stone  
Of costliest emblem.”—MILTON.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> “There sprang the violet all new,  
And fresh peruinke rich of hew,  
And flowers yellow, white, and rede,  
Such plenty grew there never in mede;  
Full gay was all the ground and queint,  
And poudred, as men had it peint,  
With many a fresh and sundry flower,  
That casten up full good savour.”

CHAUCER’S *Romaunt of the Rose*.

“Recent travellers unite in extolling the profusion of flowers and shrubs which adorn the hills and vales of Greece. All the fragrant plants which Eupolis celebrates as the food of goats; the laurel, the oleander, the arbutus unedo, the arbutus andrachne, the agnus castus, the cystus creticus, the pistachia lentiscus, the myrtle, all still bloom on the soil of Greece. Roses in great variety; the many kinds of heath; the ivy (*hedera helix*), once so luxurious in Acharnæ; the broom, the sage, lillies, hyacinths, the asphodel, and the Attic violet, have not yet forsaken the land haunted by so many beautiful recollections.”—DR. HASEN’S *Ancient Greeks*.









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along steep rocky precipices high above the blue *Ægæan*, and commanding the whole gulf and islands, with the opposite coast of Attica. The plain of Piada suddenly presents itself at a great depth below the spectator, covered with corn and olives, through which a mountain torrent rushes into the gulf. The village afterwards makes its appearance on a huge mass of perpendicular grey rocks, that close up the valley from side to side, leaving only a huge cavernous gorge, through which the torrent must have worked its way when the world was some thousands of years younger than it is now. The scenery is so like Gaspar Poussin's that one would imagine the artist had formed his style of composition here, and merely visited Italy for the buildings which he delighted to introduce. Having ascended to and passed through the mean-looking village, a fine Venetian tower is seen to the left, immediately under the woods which rise to the summit of the mountain. Descending to the bed of the torrent at the base of the vast precipices, and again ascending by the paved way up the opposite hill to a level with the little acropolis which has just been passed, the view represented in this plate displays itself, which comprises the old tower, the village-crowned rock, on which was formerly a Venetian castle, the dark ravine, the fertile little valley beyond, and the distant heights of *Ægina* and *Methana*.

The law of *Epidauros*, or the new Greek constitution, was signed at this village after the Revolution—would that it had been more effectually carried out! The artist, the botanist, and the geologist cannot fail to reap enjoyment from this beautiful little day-excursion, but the antiquarian will find nothing to remind him of the great past. How so romantic a spot and so formidable a pass could have been neglected by “the spirits of immortal eld” it is not easy to conceive. The general tourist, however, may consider the circumstance a relief, Piada being one of the few places in Greece where he is not called upon to refer to his classical memoranda.

#### IERO, (*Ἱερον ἄλλος.*)

#### THE GROVE OF *ÆSCULAPIUS*.

THE Hierum, or sacred grove, of *Æsculapius*, may be reached from *Pidavro*, or from *Poros*. It consists of a great number of Greek and Roman ruins and foundations, which are spread over an elevated plain or valley, plentifully dotted with trees, bushes, and shrubs, watered by a rapid stream, and surrounded by mountains. The sanctity of the place is well sustained, for not a human habitation of any kind encroaches upon the privacy of the

whole domain. As at Delos, no birth or death was suffered to take place on this sacred temenos. Pausanias records a theatre, which is still in existence; an ivory and gold statue of Æsculapius, by Phidias, resembling those of Zeus at Olympus, and Athena on the acropolis of Athens, which has of course disappeared; a round building of white marble, called the Tholus, of which there is a brick skeleton; a stadium, of which the earthy shell survives; temples to Venus and Themis with a chapel of Diana, which the inquisitive tourist may identify for himself; and a statue to Epione (departed), together with buildings erected by the Romans, which always identify themselves by their inferior workmanship and taste. The noble theatre of Æsculapius, by the architect Polycletus, which was capable of holding twelve thousand spectators, rests against the base of the mountain, immediately above the river, and is the most striking and beautiful object left; and the beauty of its construction is equalled by the purity of its material—the whitest Pentelic marble. Baths and cisterns, one of the latter being of considerable magnitude, are seen in various places; besides, stuccoed walls, sunken foundations, reservoirs, water ducts, platforms of temples, and even a fountain whose water is still considered medicinal. The Roman ruins, though of an inferior character, as far as architectural beauty is concerned, do not fail to give an additional importance to the sacredness of the locality, by proving the respect in which it was held after Greece had been made tributary to the conquerors of the west.

Inscriptions relating to cures are seen on some of the stones; marble sculptures and terra-cotta ornaments have also been found among the ruins. “The sacred peribolus is less than a mile in circumference; it was confined on two sides by steep hills, and on the other two by a wall which formed a right angle, in the lowest and most level part of the valley, and is still traceable in several places. This was the most fashionable resort in Greece for invalids, or those who sought change of air and place, or of medical treatment.”<sup>1</sup>

In many of the upland valleys of Greece, which must have been productive in ancient times, the ground is so arid and impenetrable that it is difficult to believe vegetation could ever have been rife there. In alluvial plains, such as that of Argos, fewer agricultural appliances are necessary to render the soil productive. Deserted as the latter surfaces may occasionally be, their vegetative powers are only suspended, and are without

<sup>1</sup> LEAKE. Surmounting the lower range of hills, three greater elevations “of mountain lineage,” are seen; Arachnæon, Tithæon (a double-crested one, Tithys) and Kanortion; remains of Temples are still found on some of their summits and declivities.

“Tith-is was the mount of fire; and was probably a pharos, or fire tower, near the sea.”—BRYANT.





25 Palamidi









much difficulty resuscitated; but these curiously sloping upland valleys are as hard and as dry as the steep declivities which enclose them. In such climates as Greece and Italy, frequent irrigation is indispensable, as well as occasional additions of soil, especially on inclined and elevated planes, to support production. No visitor can ride across the plain of Trœzen, and through the valley of the Hieron of Æsculapius, as well as down that of Ligurio, towards Nauplia, without, as these places appear to him now, doubting their susceptibility of cultivation; and yet population alone is wanted to make even this barren district fruitful, as in ancient times. But there are not a million of inhabitants in all Greece Proper at the present day, it cannot therefore be expected that all the once-cultivated districts can be kept in that productive state which gives such beauty and picturesqueness to rural scenery, when there are not hands enough to supply the wants, and take advantage of the bounties, of nature. In many parts of Southern Italy patches of cultivation may be seen on the sides of rocky mountains, where the vine grows in profusion, but the moisture and the very soil have been carried there by the indefatigable husbandman. If Greece were as populous as Italy, its valleys enclosed by precipitous heights would then assume an appearance of richness and beauty very different to what they do at present. Cultivation would cover the land, and give a finishing grace to the most varied and beautiful assemblage of mountain forms that any country can boast of.

Excess of heat, as in the south of Europe, can only be met by irrigation—excess of moisture, as in the north, by drainage. Arcadia is happily interspersed with woody heights, while its valleys are threaded with rivers and rushing waters; the climate renders drainage unnecessary, and production requires less aid. In Attica, woodlands are almost unknown; there is not a single river that is not absorbed on its way to the sea; production is scanty,<sup>1</sup> and the whole district looks exhausted and blighted. Commerce supplied the deficiencies of Attica, and its people moved about the world—Arcadia knew no such deficiencies, and its inhabitants lived peaceably among their native hills and plains.

#### PLATES XXV. & XXVI.—NAPOLI DI ROMANIA (NAUPLIA, *ant.*)

THERE is a descent to Napoli from Ligurio, by first crossing a ridge of hills to the Convent of St. Demetrius, which is sometimes recommended for

<sup>1</sup> "Barley was the only grain produced in perfection. At no one period of its history did Attica produce one twentieth of the corn necessary for the subsistence of its inhabitants."—DR. HILL.

variety's sake. The route is sterile and disappointing, and is only relieved by a distant prospect of Palamide and the mountain barriers of Arcadia. The convent itself forms a square, consisting of stone buildings, which possess no pretensions to architectural beauty ; its interior being surrounded, like a Turkish khan, by wooden galleries, with the usual Greek church and cupola standing in the middle of the court. A few umbrageous plane trees surround the building, adjacent to the brook that runs through the valley, which shows that the bleakest situations will produce these noble plants, when the hand of the spoiler is kept aloof. The landscape tourist will find little to arrest his attention as he continues his descent to the plain of Argos, but the beauty of the mountain outlines ; for form is all, and in all, here. As he approaches the gate of Napoli di Romania, however, the scenery assumes an air of great magnificence. The fortress of Palamide (called after an unhappy warrior in the *Iliad*), said to have been originally built by the Egyptians, stands above him to the left, on a precipitous rock nearly eight hundred feet high, one of the most anti-historic foundations in all Greece. On the right, the road from the city enters upon the great plain, passing by Tiryns to Argos, both of which ancient foundations are in view, surrounded by a noble amphitheatre of mountains.

Nauplius, son of Neptune and Aymone, was the reputed builder of this ancient city. The Argives say, that Juno renewed her charms here every year, by washing at the fountain Canathus. Pausanias describes the city as deserted in his time. It is now so thoroughly Italianized in appearance, for mosques and minarets have all vanished, that it is not easy to imagine one's self in Greece. Immediately above the houses a long ridge of castellated rock overlooks the city, the bay, and the surrounding country, and above these dilapidated fortifications, the great fortress rock of Palamide frowns over all. Extensive Cyclopean walls are intermixed with the Venetian masonry of which the fortress is composed. The ascent to it is by five hundred steps cut in the rock, covered by a bomb-proof roof. Palamide has been rightly called the Gibraltar of Greece, and, in good hands, it might bid defiance to any enemy. It is a noble object in picture, especially from the bay or the island castle, with the tower-fortified heights (Acro Nauplia) rising from the water in front. This subject forms one of the annexed plates—the other scene is taken on the descent to the town from the last-mentioned height, and embraces the plain of Argos in all its breadth, the citadel rock of Larissa, with Deiras in the midst, and the mountains that enclose the whole from Mount Malevo (5757 feet high) on the left, to those above the Heræum of the Argolic Juno on the right. The lake-like appear-











ance of the gulf itself from the lower citadel, is exceedingly beautiful and majestic ; surrounded by high mountains, it has not a feature to remind the spectator of an arm of the sea, except the square-rigged vessels which occasionally enliven its surface.

Nauplia is the best-built town in Greece, but its air is pestilential in the usual malaria season of hot climates; the land is still encroaching upon the bay, and the port becoming gradually more shallow, changes which must materially affect the health of those who take up their abode in this district. The court of King Otho first located itself here, but soon fled to Athens.

### TIRYNS.

*Τίρυνθά τε τειχίσσασαν.*<sup>1</sup>—HOM.

These impressive ruins are said to belong to the same period as those of Mycenæ, nearly fourteen centuries before Christ. They are only half-an-hour's walk from Nauplia (Napoli di Romania), of which they are called the older city, and, though they have little artistical about them, they furnish plenty of food for contemplation. Tiryns rose, flourished, and decayed before history began. The remembrance of its mirthful inhabitants is all that has escaped the abyss of time. Its cyclopean walls were originally about sixty feet high, and twenty-five feet thick ; having gateways of rude angular arches, the gates themselves being hung upon a large pivot in the centre, inserted in the architrave above and the threshold below, one wing opening inward while the other opened outward—an evidence of the remotest antiquity. The golden gate at Jerusalem shows similar marks—some of the iron turnstiles of toll bridges may be called their miniature representatives in these times. The galleries in the walls are built of colossal masses of rock, but the external walls are formed of large stones interspersed with smaller ones, called in the north “eye-sores,” that convey an indifferent idea of their strength on an ordinary inspection; and yet they have endured above three thousand years! Time has chiselled away the angles of each block, but the marble structures on the Athenian acropolis, (though certainly a thousand years younger), exhibit no decay in the junction of their parts; the beauty and perfectness of their workmanship having enabled them to defy the lapse of ages—but not unhappily the reckless spoliations of man.

<sup>1</sup> “Walled or fortified Tiryns.” These walls are all that is now left of the city.

PLATE XXVII.—ARGOS.<sup>1</sup>

"Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos."—VIRGIL.

THE present town of Argos stands on the same ground as the ancient city. The acropolis, Larissa, a conical mountain which rises abruptly from the plain to the height of eight hundred feet, commands the town and the whole district around. There is also a lower acropolis, or citadel,<sup>2</sup> in its immediate vicinity, Phoroneus (Deiras), supposed to have been the first site of the ancient city. The modern town is a straggling place, consisting chiefly of low houses, in the midst of gardens, high walls, and straight streets, or garden avenues of entrance—not unlike the snug suburban retreats of St. John's Wood in plan, and probably not very dissimilar to the modes of dwelling in the palmy days of Nineveh and Babylon, when large spaces enclosed small populations, and many a house had its garden, park, or paradise within the city walls.<sup>3</sup> These streets and walls are not without some resemblance to Pompeii; they appear to advantage when viewed with the huge castellated Larissa soaring far above them. Pausanias declares Argos to have been a potent and wealthy city in heroic times, but that it suffered a reverse of fortune under the Dorians. There are the remains of an ancient theatre, embedded, agreeable to Hellenic custom, against the base of the citadel mount, which, according to Colonel Leake, was capable of containing between 30,000 and 40,000 spectators.<sup>4</sup> Above the theatre are vestiges of a temple of Venus. The temple of Apollo is said to have stood on the site of the curiously-painted monastery that is seen from all parts of the town and plain, perched on a projecting rock halfway up to the citadel; beneath it is a cave, probably connected with the oracle. On the summit are ancient foundations,<sup>5</sup> perhaps of the hypæthral temple to Jupiter, which has been succeeded by a Venetian castle. The river Zeria,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Argos was considered the oldest kingdom of antiquity after Sicyone, having been founded two hundred and thirty-two years subsequently, that is, in the year of the world 2148. Argos lasted eight hundred years."—TEMPLE STANYAN.

The Rev. A. P. Stanley says, "the only indisputable vestige of Egyptian influence in Greece, is the remnant of a pyramid, of unknown date, still to be seen in the plain of Argos."

<sup>2</sup> Livy, 34. 25.

<sup>3</sup> "The houses are small and low, but intermingled with numerous gardens, and dispersed over a considerable space, and exhibit the semblance of a large straggling village."—DODWELL.

<sup>4</sup> ——— "Fuit haud ignobilis Argos,

Qui se credebat miros audire tragædos

In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro."—HOR. *Ep.* 2. 2.

<sup>5</sup> Perhaps the walls alluded to by Euripides, built by seven Cyclopes from Syria,—see "*Iphigenia in Aulis*."

<sup>6</sup> From ξήρος, dry—a very suitable name.









(*ant.* Inachus) waters the plain—that is, when there is any moisture in the district.

The sculptor's art was successfully cultivated at Argos; among its most distinguished professors were Polyclethus and Ageladas.

A ride of two hours along the plain of Argos<sup>1</sup> brings the tourist to one of the most exciting localities in Greece.

### MYCENÆ.

"*Altæ cecidere Mycenæ.*"—OVID.

No remains of gorgeous amphitheatres, temples, columns, aqueducts, and colossal towers are here, to remind the spectator of ancient Roman splendours. Even the Parthenon itself, with the gems of antiquity around it, would seem things of the other day in such a presence; for Mycenæ was in ruins before the glories of the Athenian Acropolis were brought forth. All that is left speaks of the remotest past, and assimilates itself with our ordinary notions of the semi-barbarous simplicity which characterized the works of the heroic ages. The poetry of the place is too impressive not to take possession of the most superficial observer; while the crumbling edifices before him appear more like a dream than a visible record of ancient times. Sterility and desolation stalk over the whole scene; even the distant cities which catch the eye as it traverses the immense plain below—Tiryns, Nauplia, Argos—are, each and all, of heroic origin; and the ruins themselves on which he treads are so far reduced by natural decay as to look like a portion of the rocky debris of the hills from which they were first excavated, and on which they still stand. Bleached and shapeless walls, a few broken cisterns, a couple of primitive gateways, one of them surmounted by a curious and rude piece of sculpture, probably the oldest in existence; and a subterranean vault or two in the hill below, are nearly all that now remain of this mountain-home of ancient heroism—the city of Agamemnon."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In the plain of Argos we feel that we are in the region, not of historical, but of mythological and poetical Greece. The rapid succession of rocky insulated eminences along the level pasture bring at once to our minds the age in which kings were chieftans, and cities were fortresses; the lofty citadel of Nauplia, retaining in its name of Palamide an unbroken tradition, not otherwise known even from ancient writers, of its unfortunate founder. The Larissa of Argos, with the rough dry bed of the Charadrus at its foot, in which the Argive people meet in solemn assembly to stone their unworthy generals. The low oblong rock of Tiryns, whose enormous Cyclopean walls are probably the only works of man recorded by Homer which are yet in existence.—A. P. STANLEY'S *Greek Topography in Classical Museum*.

<sup>2</sup> "I was not so forcibly impressed at Athens, at Delphi, at Delos, or at Troy."—DODWELL.

"It cannot but be felt that this very desolation itself has its value. It simplifies the picture, It makes an abstraction of all other features, and leaves the spectator alone with antiquity."—DR. WORDSWORTH.

"There is a massive simplicity about these ruins, and a boldness in their situation, overhanging the ravines of mountain torrents, which accord well with the history and associations of the spot. Even the single stones have a grandeur of size."—DR. HOLLAND.

O'er Tretus' wild and cavernous domain,  
Apesas' height, and famed Nemea's plain.<sup>1</sup>

From Mycenæ the tourist pursues his course up the pass of Tretus ; a narrow dingle, beset with rocks and stunted trees

————— "So thick entwined,  
As one continued brake, the undergrowth  
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplexed  
All path of man or beast that pass'd that way."—MILTON.

High above this rugged wilderness are seen broken masses of limestone cliff, showing vast fissures and caves beneath their summits, one of which is said to have been the home of the Nemean lion, whose destruction constituted the first labour of Hercules.<sup>2</sup>

"It was the beast that whylome did forray  
The Nemean forrest, till th' Amphytrionide  
Him slew, and with his hide did him array."—SPENSER.

From the head of the pass his route lies across the ridge of low hills on the left, when he will presently find himself on the solitary plain of Nemea, and in front of the three remaining columns of a temple. The flat summit in the distance, the ancient Apesas, is said to be the spot on which Perseus first sacrificed to Jupiter Apesantius. Pausanias found the temple in a grove of cypresses : the trees are gone, but the fount of Adrastes still pours forth its waters as in days of yore—a most gratifying specimen of antiquity on a hot day. On this plain were celebrated, every three years, the Nemean games in honour of Zeus, which were among the most important and solemn exhibitions in Greece. They were continued long after those of Olympia were abolished. The victors were at first rewarded with olive branches, but afterwards with a chaplet of green parsley<sup>3</sup> that sprang from the blood of Opheltes (afterwards called Archemorus), who was killed by a serpent on the brink of the fountain. It was in commemoration of this event that the games were established. The tourist may now return to Argos by the same route, or by Agios Giorgios, down a sterile valley, to the plain near Mycenæ ; or he may proceed onward to Cleonæ and Corinth.

<sup>1</sup> Tretus: the perforation. "Κοιρανέων Τρητῶιο Νεμείης ἡδ' Ἀπέσαντος."—HESIOD'S *Theogonía*.

<sup>2</sup> "Et vastum Nemeæ sub rupe leonem."—VIRG. *Æn.* 8.

<sup>3</sup> In some parts of Britain, rosemary, with its decaying smell, is put into the coffins of the dead. In Greece parsley is still strewn on, or planted near the grave. So it was in Plutarch's time.



## ARGOS TO TRIPOLITZA.

"Redditar Argolicis ingens Erasinus in arvis."—OVID.

From Argos the path skirts the edge of the plain, and crosses the river Erasinus,<sup>1</sup> which rushes in full volume from its huge rocky cavern, as if impatient for the light of day after its long subterranean concealment. The group of rocks, mills and water is strikingly picturesque, and should obtain a special visit from the landscape tourist who has leisure to make a short sojourn at Argos. On leaving the Erasinus the bare quiet plain again succeeds, until the tourist commences the long Appenine ascent on a rough stony road. Below him, on the left, are seen the Lernean lake and marsh, near the shore of the Argolic estuary, where Hercules destroyed the monster Hydra. The noble bird's-eye views down upon the Argive plain, the gulf, islands, and mountains beyond, frequently call forth the tourist's admiration as he continues his arduous ascent. Having attained the highest point of the road, which passes a small khan, Daouli, a "rest and be thankful" to the muleteers, it descends near the site of the ancient Hysiaë, through field and forest, to the bottom of a deep wild valley, in which there is another khan which offers no temptation to the wayfarer. The path thence ascends the mountain ridge of Parthenion,<sup>2</sup> by the Bey's causeway, a narrow, rugged pavement, zigzagging along the verge of deep precipices for more than two hours, when the tourist finds himself at last on the great plain of Tripolitza, a platform about three thousand feet above the sea-level. Treeless and disappointing as the district around appears, he has entered Arcadia; where, if he has to complain, with the poet, of the coldness<sup>3</sup> of the climate (and this will entirely depend upon the season he may choose for his visit), it is to be hoped that he will not be less fortunate than the writer, who encountered none of the coldness of heart among the inhabitants which has been recorded against them by the same illustrious authority.<sup>4</sup>

Tripolitza, the capital of the Morea, exhibits itself, beyond this extensive corn-plain, on the slope of an insignificant hill. Having been alternately sacked by Mainotes and Arabs, it displays an unsightly mass of ruins,

<sup>1</sup> The Erasinus, as will be noticed hereafter, is the outlet of the Lake Stymphalus, (Herodotus.) On leaving the lake, it is precipitated into a rocky chasm, and is not seen again, until, after a subterranean passage of twenty miles, it emerges at this spot.—Vide also STATIUS *Theb.* lib. 1.

<sup>2</sup> "Non me ulla vetabunt

Frigora Parthenios canibus circumdare saltus."—VIRG. *Ecl.* 10.

<sup>3</sup> ——— "Arcadiæ gelidos invisere fines."—ID. *Æn.* 8. 159.

<sup>4</sup> "Frigidus Arcadibus coit in præcordia sanguis."—ID. 10 452.

The Abbe Barthélemy also dissents from this view of the Arcadian character. "Les Arcadiens sont humains, bienfaisans, attachés aux lois de l'hospitalité, patients dans les travaux, obstinés dans leurs entreprises, au mépris des obstacles et des dangers. Ils ont souvent combattu avec succès, toujours avec gloire."—*l'oyage du jeune Anacharsis.*

interspersed with a few straggling ranges of mean dwellings and a bazaar. "It could not," says Mr. Swan, "be defended half-an-hour against a regular attack. The gates are in so dilapidated a condition that they might almost be kicked down, and the walls are little better than the gates." Here, however, the tourist may replenish his canteen, and make any small purchases that his needs require, but he will feel little inducement to prolong his stay where it is scarcely possible to procure tolerable house-room.

Quitting the town, and advancing on the path to Londari, a small hamlet, about four miles distant on the left hand, marks the site of the ancient Tegea;<sup>1</sup> but the miserable remnants of the great temple of Minerva Aléa,<sup>2</sup> with its once triple height of columns, will scarcely repay a visit.<sup>3</sup> A rugged Turkish pavement over a hilly, marshy, and barren country, dotted with the lentisk and wild pear, and commanded by insignificant hills, furnishes no materials either for pencil or pen, during a dreary ride of many hours; and, unless it be summer-time, the climate will not add much to the comfort or good-humour of the tourist as he wends his way. After passing Frankovrysi, the ruins of Aséa, consisting of foundations of walls and other remains are seen crowning a hill on the right.

## ARCADIA.

### PLATE XXVIII.—THE VALLEY OF MEGALOPOLIS.

"Ω Πάν, Πάν, ἔτι' ἐστὶ κατ' ὄρεα μακρὰ Λυκαίων."—THEOCRITUS.

"Ipse nemus linquens patrium, saltusque Lycei,  
Pan ovium custos."—VIRGIL.

AFTER several hours of toilsome and unsatisfactory travel the great Valley of Megalopolis suddenly discloses itself in its fullest glory.<sup>4</sup> Dhia-

<sup>1</sup> "Pan, ovium custos; tua si tibi Mænala curæ,  
Adsis, O Tegææ favens."—VIRG. *Georg.* 1. 17.

<sup>2</sup> The temple of Minerva Aléa was the noblest in Peloponnesus.—PAUSANIAS.

<sup>3</sup> So also says Dr. Holland. "In the ruined Church, are inscriptions, broken statues, and ruins of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian order. There are large marble columns in a field near the village, and a capital of the Doric order, of great size, at the well."—GELL.

<sup>4</sup> "The valley of Megalopolis abounds in delightful scenery. The sides of the majestic mountains, Kergé and Tetrági, are covered with oaks, chestnuts, &c. The valley itself, varied with hillocks and detached copses, refreshed with numerous rivulets, shaded by planes, a larger stream winding through the middle, may almost rival the plain of Sparta in picturesque beauty—a sylvan valley resembling an ideal Arcadia."—COL. LEAKE.

"The variety of arable and pasture land, richly interspersed with villages and country houses, is encircled with vast forests and open groves of oak, and these are surrounded again with the most picturesque and magnificent mountains, full of natural beauties, and exciting a cloud of classical recollections, unrivalled, except in the vicinity of Athens. In front, lay Mount Cerausius and Lycæus, where Jupiter was nursed, and Pan was revered. On the summit, human sacrifices are said to have been offered at a period beyond the reach of history. There the Lycean games, the temple of the great Goddess, the Arctæic Lycosura on its lofty peak, the feast of Lycaon, the flaming valley of the Gods and Giants, and a thousand other circumstances, rush upon the mind."—SIR WM. GELL.

Haygarth, the painter, says the scenery around Megalopolis is very fine and thoroughly Arcadian, mountains of beautiful forms on every side. "There was great magnificence in the landscape during the whole of our ride, and we passed through some beautiful pastoral scenes."

forti, the ancient mount Lycæus,<sup>1</sup> on which was an altar to Jupiter (Zeus Lycæus), rises majestically in front of the spectator :

“ But his proud head the æry mountain hides  
Among the clouds ; his shoulders, and his sides,  
A shady mantle clothes ; his curled brows  
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,  
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat.”—DENHAM.

The citadel of Karitena forms one extremity of the picture, and the mountains above Londari the other. The vast plain below is covered with corn, green vegetable, and fallow grounds, interspersed with villages and farms, and ornamented with trees, single and in groups. 'Tis Arcadia ! The woods, luxuriant and majestic, sweep in broad masses over the lower hills and swelling eminences which rise around the plain, and the wild magnificence of nature reigns throughout the whole, untrammelled by the impertinences of art; for no geometrical hedge-row, no artificial belt, offends the eye. The mountains for miles in extent tower into the air to elevations varying between four and five thousand feet, and the river Alpheus, one of the largest in Greece, with its tributary, the Helisson, in tortuous and playful courses, water the entire valley.

The city of Megalopolis was built by Epaminondas, according to Pausanias ; the river Helisson divides it, and runs into the Alpheus. It was fifty stadia in circumference; its temples and public edifices were numerous, and its theatre the largest in Greece. “The diameter of the inner semicircle, or orchestra, being one hundred and seventy feet, and that of the whole at least four hundred feet.” The Koilon still remains; seats covered with earth and bushes, part of the proscenium being only a few yards from and facing the Helisson. Fragments are also found in the river bed, together with the piers of a bridge. The city was taken and nearly destroyed by the treachery of Cleomenes, the son of Leonidas the Spartan, and its inhabitants slaughtered. Megalopolis was the birth-place of Philopœmen and of Polybius.

“The pastoral inhabitants of the surrounding villages are a hardy and handsome race, evincing a spirit of probity and independence, and exercising hospitality and kindness to strangers.” The writer can corroborate this opinion of Sir William Gell's; for, often as he had to throw himself upon the hospitality of the cottagers, he never had occasion to complain of his reception. In the valley of Megalopolis more particularly he met with great kindness and attention—being somewhat fastidious about the choice

<sup>1</sup> The woody skirts and recesses of this far-famed classical mountain, are the especial abode of the deity Pan. His sylvan majesty has occasionally graced other renowned districts by his presence, but the Olympian Mount of Lycæus is his native home.

This mountain is stated by the *French Commissioners* to be 4,659 English feet high.

of a cottage to reside in for the night, for every peasant of the village eagerly proffered his own, he was accompanied in his survey by the owner of the first he had entered (and to which he had objected), until he had made his election, when the worthy man expressed his great satisfaction at having at last succeeded, and bounded away to his quarters, after wishing "good night," with his hand to his breast, in the true Greek mode, but in evident sincerity, as it afterwards proved ; for the guide declared when the cavalcade was *en route* for Sparta the following morning, that he had not solicited a single para for his services.

This looks like a remnant of the civilization of past ages, and proves that even four centuries of barbarous oppression has not extinguished every ancient virtue. Why should not the great temple of the human mind, after ages of decline, exhibit signs of its former beauty and excellence; as the works of the sculptor and architect, in the extremity of their ruin, leave evidences of what they were in the days of their completeness?

Colonel Leake bears testimony to the worth of the poorer classes in the following terms : "though the condition of the peasant is on the whole miserable, he is in general industrious, much attached to his family, anxious for the education of his children, and equal, if not superior, in intelligence to the peasantry of the most civilized countries of Europe. Among the most ignorant and uncultivated, even in the parts of Greece where the Turkish system was most oppressive, the observant traveller could not fail to remark that curiosity, ingenuity, keenness, and elocution, for which the ancient people was remarkable ; and the natural effect of which upon the present race was an extreme impatience of their unhappy condition."<sup>1</sup>

## LACONIA.

### SPARTA.

"Clara fuit Sparta."—OVID.

The scenery all the way from Londari to Sparta,<sup>2</sup> through other wooded valleys, dells, and forests, along the banks of the Eurotas, is peculiarly

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Leake's *Historical Outline of the Greek Revolution*.

"The Greeks (before the revolution) being only slaves by right of conquest, must and will, if treated with cruelty, endeavour from time to time to regain their rights."—SIR W. GELL, *Journey in the Morea*.

"Even in her ancient decline, in the midst of war, devastation, and slavery, Greece continued long to be the seat of Philosophy and the Fine Arts. Whatever conjectures may be formed concerning the advancement of Science in India and in Egypt, it is certain that Greece was the country which enlightened, exalted, and adorned the rest of Europe, and set an example of whatever is beautiful and great to the nations."—GOLDSMITH.

<sup>2</sup> Nothing can exceed the beauty and variety of the glens and eminences which alternately presented themselves on our route; the prettiest valleys, each watered by its little rivulet, and reminding us perpetually of the parks and pleasure grounds, which in England are often contrived by art and study, but are here produced in endless succession by unaided nature. All the streams flow ultimately into the Alphens, having first joined the main river of the valley formed by the mountain of Londari and Mount Chimparu."—GELL.

Arcadian and beautiful. No part of the world can boast of varied woodland and mountain scenery in greater perfection.

The approach to Sparta, on whose site the modern little town is now advancing, lies through masses of walls of the lower ages, built up of ancient fragments. The old acropolis is believed to have occupied the hill above on the right, and the tomb of Leonidas is seen in front on entering the town, near a magnificent ancient theatre. There are also the remains of a small Roman amphitheatre, and the hollow of a stadium or hippodrome. The great plain of Sparta, one of the richest spots in Greece, lies about fifty feet below the site of the ancient city, and Mount Taigeton rises sublimely as the barrier to the whole district, and the background of the scene. The ravines, for miles along the base of the mountain, are full of picturesque subjects, more especially the great one of Mistra, which separates its castellated cliff from the rest of Taigeton. The fertility which ascends for miles up the sides and skirts of the adjacent hills, exhibits pleasing evidence of the industry and energy of the inhabitants, while it adds to the scenic beauty of this delightful region.

There is no part of Greece where the rural inhabitants appear to be so well employed (excepting, perhaps, in the currant district on the southern borders of the Gulf of Corinth) as at Sparta. Corn, wine, oil, oranges, and silk are the chief productions—the latter article is much cultivated, and must form a considerable object of commerce; and the mulberry tree with its rich foliage enlivens the landscape in every direction.

It is not surprising that the general tourist should expect to find the territory of the polished Athenian graced with the charms of scenic beauty, and that of the austere and tasteless Spartan entirely destitute of such attractions. The reverse, however, happens to be the fact. Attica presents little more than a sterile and naked surface of limestone rock, while the plain of Sparta is perhaps the most beautiful and productive spot in Greece.

“Sparta, or Lacedæmon, must have existed to a late period; as we found walls composed of small stones and mortar, mixed with broken columns, and the fine blocks of its ancient buildings; and the population has been sufficiently numerous to have consumed or carried off the greater part even of the vestiges of its former magnificence. An ancient author had observed, that if Lacedæmon and Athens were both ruined posterity would scarcely believe that the former had been so powerful, or that the latter could have been the capital of so little a territory; and the fact justifies the assertion; for while Athens remains the treasury of architec-

ture and the arts, Sparta boasts scarcely anything that can be cited with certainty, as a remnant of the real city of Lycurgus."<sup>1</sup>

### PLATE XXIX.—MISTRA, THE RUINED TURKISH TOWN.

ON a high rock which forms one of a long range of abrupt eminences, constituting the immense base of Mount Taïgeton, and at the north-east angle of the great plain of Amyclæ, or Sparta, stands the castle of Mistra.<sup>2</sup> On its declivities are situated the different divisions of the town itself, which, (possibly from the superior advantages for defence afforded by its position), is said to have surpassed the old city of Sparta in importance very early in the Christian æra. "One of the most remarkable features of Mistra," says Colonel Leake, "is the deserted and ruined quarter a little below the castle on the north-east side;" (*see the plate*) which is called Kastro. "It presents itself," says Sir William Gell, "in all its magnificence so well displayed on the sides of its lofty rock, that every house is visible, rising in gradation one above another, to the grey towers of the citadel on its summit." This portion of Mistra was occupied by the Turks at the time of the late Revolution, when every dwelling of the enemy was unroofed or levelled to the ground by the conquering Greeks. The singularly romantic scene here presented bursts upon the sight as the traveller turns the corner of a little glen, near the commencement of the Spartan plain, on the road from Londari. The waterfall, which shoots into the middle of the picture, is one of the numerous tributaries to the Eurotas from Mount Taïgeton.

### PLATE XXX.—MISTRA AND TAÏGETON,

FROM THE PLAIN OF SPARTA.

MISTRA was unknown to antiquity. It has changed hands frequently in the lower ages, and exhibits evidences of Venetian supremacy, like many other towns of Greece, in its castellated remains.<sup>3</sup> Ancient Sparta was

<sup>1</sup> "Descending into the valley of the Eurotas we passed several islands in that river; and before the pass opened into a wider valley we crossed the ruins of two walls, which shewed, that though the Spartans were so loud in the boast that their city of Lacedæmon was defended without walls, they had taken very good care to render it difficult of access by distant fortifications. In many places we passed the road supported by ancient walls of massive blocks; and nothing could surpass the beauty of the tall oleanders, called by the Greeks *rhododaphne*, or rose laurel, which may possibly be the Laconian roses that flower twice in the year."—GELL.

<sup>2</sup> 1,961 feet above the sea.

<sup>3</sup> "It may appear surprising that so strong and advantageous a situation as Mistra should have been neglected by the Spartans. It must be recollected however, that in early times, even their capital was unprotected by walls: they despised all defence except that which arose from the terror of their name and the valour of their arms, and disdained to be indebted for their security to strong

















Don. M.  
L. M. M.  
L. M. M.



situated across the plain, about three English miles distant. Groves of mulberry, olive, and orange trees, enlivened by villas and farms, are spread over the district.

The habitable portion of the town of Mistra having been reduced by the revolutionists to its few Greek dwellings, and the gentle eminences, on which Sparta stood being found more airy and wholesome, a new town is now seen rising on the ancient site, which promises to become an important feature in the commercial topography of modern Greece. It already displays a goodly show of commodious residences, including the palaces of the Governor and the Bishop of Sparta and Amyclæ, the house of representatives for the district of Laconia, with the cassini of the cashier, and other public officers, besides numerous dwellings which respond in some degree to the rich and beautifully cultivated plain below. The few Hellenic vestiges which remain make no appearance in picture—so completely have they been swept away by the vicissitudes of twenty centuries. History says the Lacedæmonians were too valorous to need the protection of walls, and that it was not until the decline of their glory, after the battle of Leuctra, that Sparta was fortified.<sup>1</sup>

This view of Mistra is taken from the Spartan plain; the castle rock is seen on the right hand, rising above the ruined houses of the Turks' town, which here present themselves in a different position—the ravine (through which the plain appears in the succeeding plate) is in the middle of the picture, and Mount Taïgeton is observed ascending in the distance. The effect here represented exhibited itself at the time the sketch was taken; the day was alternately bright and showery; and the great mountain, on several occasions, assumed an appearance of indescribable grandeur and majesty.<sup>2</sup>

walls and artificial ramparts. It is probable that Mistra arose out of the ruins of Sparta, which appear to have been abandoned by the unworthy descendants of the Heraclidæ about the time of the Turkish invasion, when they sought, in the rocks and precipices of Taïgeton, that protection which they could not find in the low hills and gentle eminences of the Spartan plain."—DODWELL.

<sup>1</sup> "That the Lacedæmonians were serious in rejecting the protection of walls for their city (see Sir Wm. Gell, in last plate) may be matter of question; but that the ladies of Sparta were not averse to protection of a more interesting kind seems beyond all doubt. Athenæus mentions a Spartan festival at which the women took the old bachelors, and dragged them round an altar, beating them all the time with their fists, so that if no other motive would induce them to marry, the shame and ignominy to which they were exposed on these occasions, might compel them to fall in love and enter "the happy state"!—See *ATHENÆUS*, Lib. 13.

<sup>2</sup> Mount Taygetus or Taïgeton is said to be 7,829 feet above the sea.—*STRONG'S Greece*.

## PLATE XXXI.—MISTRA RAVINE

AND THE PLAIN OF SPARTA.<sup>1</sup>

"Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes;  
Flumina amem, silvasque inglorius. O ubi campi,  
Sperchiusque, et virginibus bacchata Lacænis  
*Taygeta!*"—*VIRG. Georg. 2. 485.*

THIS view over the plain of Sparta, from among the lower rocks of Mount Taïgeton, is obtained by ascending the bed of the river Pantalimone, from the town of Mistra, and climbing up the ravine near the edge of a waterfall, where the precipices on both sides rise perpendicularly to the height of several hundred feet. Having crossed the mountain torrent above the fall, near a small ruined bridge, the tourist, on turning round, will find the scene here represented spread out beneath his eye. The Castle of Mistra appears on the left precipice.

The wild grandeur and magnificence of this mountain, its vast extent, nearly thirty miles from north to south, the variety and intricacy of its woody and rocky recesses, the boldness of its precipices, and the noble Alpine character of its whole summit, especially of the five peaks which crown the higher portion, immediately above the Spartan plain, at once stamp it as the mountain monarch of the Peloponnesus.<sup>2</sup>

## PLATE XXXII.—THE PASS OF TAÏGETON.

THIS Pass is approached by a steep ascent from the Spartan plain, through extensive and populous tracts of cultivation, with farms and churches and noble sycamore trees, and other attributes of rural beauty, until the gloomy jaws of the mountain close upon the traveller. Through this precipitous and rugged defile he wends his perilous way for miles, the rocks rising hundreds of feet above his head, and descending as many to the bed of the torrent beneath his feet. From some positions high in air, the

<sup>1</sup> There is no part of Greece where the rural inhabitants appear to be so well employed (excepting, perhaps, in the currant district on the southern borders of the Gulf of Corinth) as at Sparta. Corn, wine, oil, oranges, and silk, are the chief productions—the latter article is much cultivated, and must form a considerable object of commerce; and the mulberry tree with its rich foliage enlivens the landscape in every direction.

<sup>2</sup> "All the plains and all the mountains that I have seen are surpassed in the variety of their combinations and the beauty of their appearance by the plain of Lacedæmon and Mount Taygeton:—in beauty of form and richness of colouring. From the western side of the plain rise the grand and abrupt precipices of Taygeton, which is broken into many summits. The bases are formed by several distinct projections, and produce that rich assemblage and luxuriating multiplicity of lines and tints and shades which render it the finest locality in Greece."—BURGESS.





















sublimity of the scenery is truly appalling, while the danger which frequently presents itself enhances the excitement. In one quarter, where the savage is exchanged for the romantic, the colouring of the rocks is quite magical—huge masses of enormous altitude are decked in ochres, and reds, and greys, to the heart's content of the painter, and relieved by the deepest and most profuse foliage. Whilst the cavalcade were threading their way through this gloomy gorge, the sun burst suddenly on the sight, and, by lighting up some of the more elevated cliffs and peaks, and throwing a deep gloom over all below, produced an effect exceedingly striking; but it was not destined to last long; for the evening was advancing, and, on emerging from the pass at its last and highest extremity, the great luminary, whose day had been one of unclouded brilliancy, had just sunk below the horizon. The transit occupies many hours, and the view from the height alluded to comprises the bay, town, and plain of Calamata, with the mountains stretching from the most southerly point of the Morea, far away into the Arcadian gulf; the intervening ones being tumbled about, like ocean waves, in every shape and colour.

### MESSENIÆ.

#### CALAMATA (PHARÆ).

Calamata is situated near a semicircular bay, whose limits are the promontory of Maina (Cape Matapan), and Cape Gallo, and at the extremity of an extensive plain which runs up into Arcadia. The town is modern, and the castle of the lower ages. It might have been found in England, Scotland, or Wales. A broad river descends from the great mountain, and forming a delta from the castle rock, enters the sea by two mouths.

There is a good khan at Calamata, and letters of introduction, if the tourist wish to make a long sojourn and visit Maina, would be very likely to be serviceable. The writer kept his credentials in his pocket, as he had fixed upon the Monastery of Vourkano on Ithome as his resting-place for the night. The view from above the castle, which embraces the whole bay, with Cape Koron, and the two mouths of the river, diverging from the castle to the sea, is very descriptive of the place, though little characteristic of Grecian scenery in general.

After fording the broad stream, the road, or sandy lane, which receives the tourist, continues for some distance along the plain, whose surface is agreeably diversified with houses, trees, fields, vineyards, and small lakes or meres, with brooks and rivers.

As the little cortège of the writer turned a corner of the road, the horses were suddenly bereft of their propriety by the abrupt advent of two horsemen at full gallop, and in flying armour, who were hastening to the market of Calamata. Both men and horses were decked out, cap-a-pie, with live geese, which were strung by the legs in couples, and hung on every practicable projection, from the heads of man and horse down to the flat stirrups; the heads and necks of the flutterers being thrust forth, hissing and screaming with rage and fright, while their wings were in full play to extricate themselves from their unhappy trammels—the Gorgons themselves could not have put on a more terrific appearance. Notwithstanding the disorder into which this unexpected vision had thrown the cavalcade, a messenger was speedily despatched in pursuit; when a couple of the innocent strugglers soon changed horses, and were placed in the canteen, to which they proved a very useful as well as savoury addition.

### PLATE XXXIII.—THE PLAIN OF MESSENA.

“*Meseneque ferax.*”—OVID.

THE plain of Stenyclerus, or Messenia, watered by the Pamisus, is an extensive valley of a fine classical character, and affords a noble scene for a picture from the gate of the ancient Messene, on the mountain Ithome, about seven or eight miles from the bay of Coron. The whole range of Taigetou, with its crest of five peaks (*πεντεδάκτυλον*), and the sea, form the Claude-like background. Indeed Claude is often seen in Greece, and very rarely in Italy, though he never visited the former country. The atmosphere of Greece is more in accordance with his taste than the drier and harsher one of Italy, where the outlines are obtrusively distinct. Though colour is developed in the extremest distances of Greece, form is rarely offensive. As the tourist pursues his ascent from the convent of Vourkano, most romantically situated on the steep side of Ithome, he will enter the city gates, whence the view is taken, at the summit of the incline; and, descending among ruins and brushwood, through the village of Mavromati, where there is a fine fountain, the ancient Clepsydra, a bath worthy of the infant Jupiter, he will presently find himself at the great gate<sup>1</sup> of Arcadia,

<sup>1</sup> “The magnificent walls near the great gate are almost entirely preserved; they are composed of square stones of a prodigious size, rustic and chipped. The pavement consists of large square stones, in which we discern the track of ancient wheels. The towers are square, and composed of much smaller stones than the walls. A few steps lead up to the door in each tower, in the second story of which are two windows of the same form as the doors, diminishing towards the top.”—DODWELL.

“The Abbé Fourmont, who visited Messene seventy years ago, counted 38 towers then standing. I think M. Viel, the French Consul at Coron, informed me that nine of them yet remain entire.”—CHATEAUBRIAND, 2. 94. The Abbé, it may be observed is by no means a select authority.

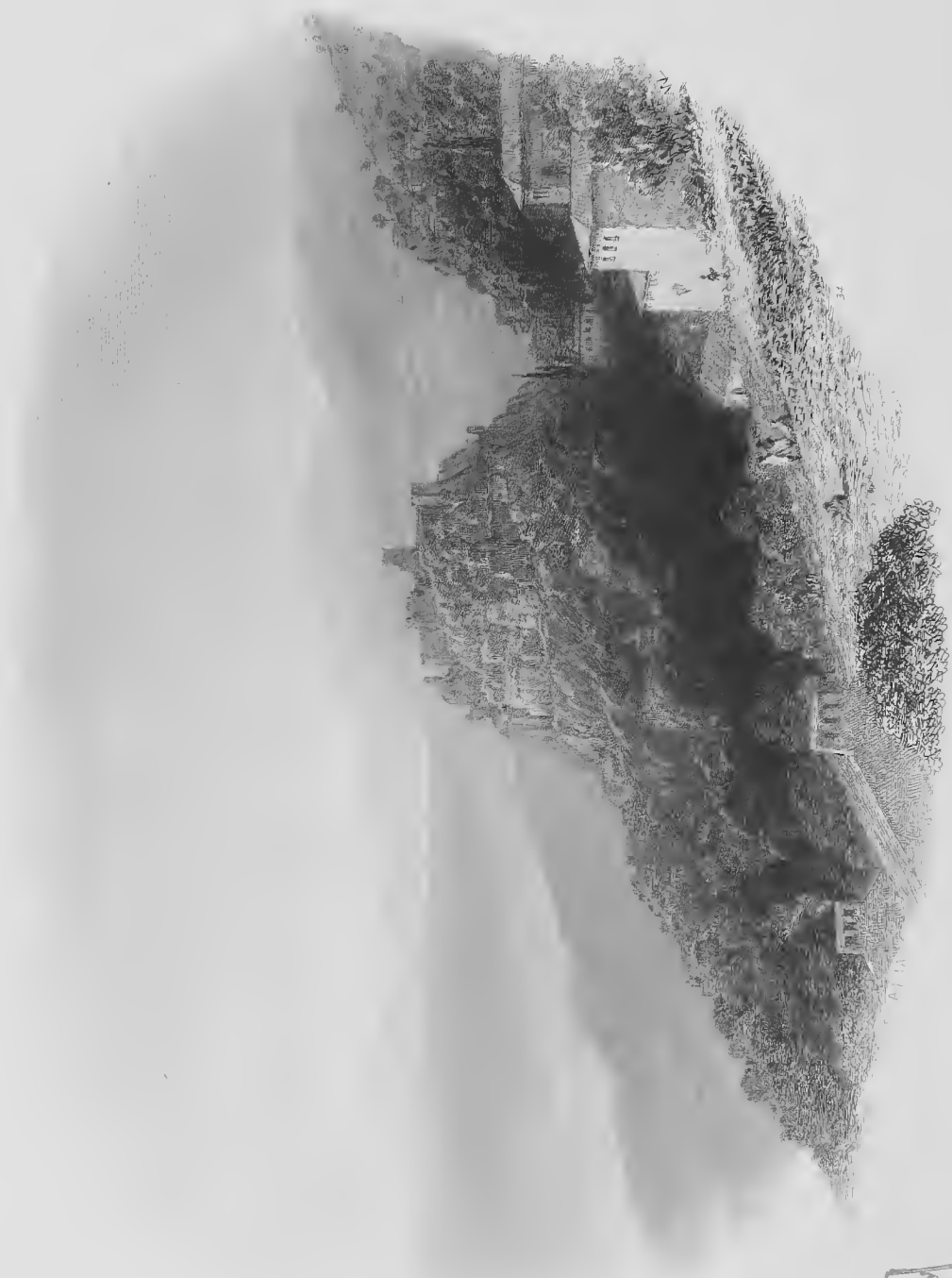


















a large and noble work, constructed of excellent masonry. The circular platform within the gate, with its surrounding wall, and colossal lintel, the square towers of solid stone work pierced with windows, which surmount the walls of the city, right and left, as far as the eye can embrace them, and the walls themselves, give an admirable idea of the size and importance of this ancient metropolis of the Messenians. These Hellenic structures are said to have been built, after the restoration of the inhabitants from a banishment of three centuries, by Epaminondas, one of the greatest of heroes, and best of Greeks—a conqueror, but not a scourge; who deserved better of his country than his country deserved of him.

“But chief were those who not for empire fought,  
But with their toils their peoples’ safety bought,  
High o’er the rest Epaminondas stood.”—POPE.<sup>1</sup>

Remains of a small theatre, with floors of temples and other foundations, are still to be seen within the limits of the city, which taken altogether exhibit an intelligible scheme of its general arrangements; though most of the details, as the temples and statues described by Pausanias, in his interesting and lengthened account of Messene, are wanting to complete the picture. Driven from their country for so long a period by the ferocious Spartans, the history of the Messenians possesses an interest which oppressed worth always inspires. The romantic situation and beauty of the ruins, together with their extraordinary freshness and perfectness, united to a recollection of the valour and fortitude of its former inhabitants, who had to struggle with a brutal and savage enemy, will always rank the city and mountain of Ithome among the most exciting spots in Greece.

#### PLATE XXXIV.—ARKADIA (CYPARISSIA).

“Καὶ Κυπαρισσήεντα.”—HOMER.

THE path now advances into a more luxuriant and richly wooded country, resembling wild English park scenery, in the midst of which, on a high knoll, stands an old Venetian castle, called *Milò Kastro*, through well-watered valleys, backed by the mountain *Lycæus* (*Dhiaforti*), the Peloponnesian Olympus. After fording a river, it ascends a tract of high and rugged ground, whence the plain to seaward, with the castellated town of Arkadia rising from the olive groves on the left, displays a Claude-like composition—the bay of Arkadia completing the picture. The town, bay, and mountains form a striking view also from the south. In this view

<sup>1</sup> “*Temple of Fame.*”

(*see the plate*) the modern town lies below the spectator, the ancient acropolis (where Hellenic foundations are still to be seen, on which stands a dismantled castle of the middle ages), occupies the centre of the picture, and rises to the horizontal line; the great bay of Arkadia ascending the left of the scene to the extreme distance, in which the mountains of Elis are conspicuous.

Pausanias mentions two ancient temples; one dedicated to Apollo, the other to Minerva Cyparissia. Doric columns, according to Sir William Gell, are to be seen in the plain below.

When and why this town of Arkadia changed its name from Cyparissia do not appear. The place, like its neighbours, furnished its quota to the Trojan war; and from that period until after the time of Pausanias, seems to have maintained its original appellation. Being in Messenia, as of old, its present name is liable to perplex and mislead, since the locality which it suggests to the stranger's mind is nearly a day's journey distant. The upper class of Greeks display an evident desire to reinstate the old Hellenic nomenclature in the various towns and districts, as the writer saw by the addresses of letters of introduction which he took into the provinces from some of the king's ministers at Athens. "Salona" and "Arkadia" were both ignored, and the old Homeric designations "Amphyssa" and "Kyparissia" substituted; these changes being probably still unrecognized by the multitude.

Agreeable to our notions of Arcadian scenery, nothing can exceed the rural beauty of the whole line of coast, which is a continuous range of olive groves, covering the plains and ascending the hills above, the copious river Cyparisseis watering the whole of the lower district. The course of this river is not rough and rugged, like that of the Neda, but its banks are picturesquely broken and varied, and if it cannot display many scenes of grandeur or sublimity, from the absence of abrupt rocks and hills, it is admirably in character with the sylvan beauty of the country through which it flows.

## ARCADIA.

"Dicunt in tenero gramine pinguin  
Custodes ovium carmina fistulâ,  
Delectantque Deum, cui pecus et nigri  
Colles Arcadiæ placent."—HOM. *Od.* 12. lib. 4.

The present inhabitants of Arcadia, especially of the higher parts of that district, are occupied chiefly in tending flocks of sheep, as in *the* "olden time.











Solon's reply to Cræsus, the rich Lydian monarch, who, in displaying his immense treasure to captivate the Greek sage, asked him if he must not of necessity be the happiest of human beings, seems to apply even in the present more humble condition of the country. "No," said the lawgiver; "I know one who is more so than you—the poor Greek peasant, who is not rich, nor yet poor, for he has few wants, and is in the habit of supplying them by his labour." The costume of the peasantry is simple and graceful, as of yore. The *kilt* and vest, united by a sash, look like the girdled tunic; the loose sleeves (which hang down with great fullness when the hand is elevated), with the surtout falling all round to the knees, complete the habiliments; the whole is of a cream colour, and possesses a simple classic character, which the costume of the Italian peasant has no pretensions to; the latter being truly "a thing of shreds and patches."

### PLATE XXXV.—THE VALLEY OF THE NEDA.

PHIGALEIA (PAOLITZA, *hod.*)

"Ἄλλὰ το χεῖμα  
Κεῖνο νέδην ὀνόμηνε."—CALLIMACHUS.

BIDDING farewell to the hospitalities (for there are no hostelries) of Cyparissia, and surmounting the isthmæan shoulder of the Acropolis, and its connecting heights, the route lies among vineyards, and fenced fields, and wooded eminences, and across a picturesque heath, with forest hills in the back ground, o'ertopped by Lycæus and the rest of the Nomian group of mountains. Passing a broad stream, the Cyparisseis, it ascends the hill, among arbutus and myrtle, to Kakavo and Sidero Kastrò, and thence, by a long and rapid descent over a verdant and uneven territory, spotted with cottages, clumps of trees, and enclosures, into the deep and romantic valley of the Neda, below Paulitza.

———— " 'Twas a horrid pile  
Of hills with many a shaggy forest mixed  
With many a sable cliff and glittering stream.  
Aloft recumbent o'er the hanging ridge  
The brown woods waved, while ever-trickling springs  
Washed from the naked roots of oak and pine  
The crumbling soil; and still at every fall  
Down the steep windings of the channel'd rock  
Remurm'ring rushed the congregated floods  
With hoarser inundation, till at last  
They reach a grassy plain."—AKENSIDE.

Woods, rocks, and water here combine to form one of the most wildly picturesque ravines in Greece; and if the day should be exhausted, and the

tourist disposed to pass the night *sub Dio*, or at any rate under the shelter of the forest trees, instead of climbing up the opposite cliffs in the dark to risk a welcome at the modern representative of Phigaleia, he may possibly be treated, as the writer was, with one of the most inexplicable displays of atmospheric vagary he ever witnessed on a quiet night. The day having been very hot, the mists began to congregate around the summits of the wooded rocks, some seven or eight hundred feet above the secluded valley, gradually assuming various grotesque combinations, ascending, descending, and moving to the right and to the left, as if they had been worked by some hidden machinery for the amusement of the bystanders. Rocks and filmy clouds assumed the same ghostly appearance, and seemed to change places with the greatest alacrity, but with the most perfect stillness, while the starry vault above afforded just light enough to display their evolutions to the wondering eyes of the spectators. After this mute phantasmagoria had lasted a full hour, uprose

——— "The Moon  
Full orb'd and breaking through the scatter'd clouds  
Show'd her broad visage ;"—THOMSON.

when the fleecy vapours rapidly vanished. A huge pile of faggots, which had been collected from the woods, being now kindled, sent up a fierce blaze, that seemed to surmount the rocky heights around, illuminating every brake and crevice, and completing the disenchantment. The evening meal being finished, and the forest fire having smouldered away, the queen of the firmament assumed her rule with an effulgence rarely witnessed but in southern climes, surrounded by constellations, which, with slight variations in their positions, almost necessarily reminded the tired traveller of the celestial configurations which adorn the nightly canopy of his native isle, as he sank to rest.

Mr. Laurent has so well painted another portion of this scenery, that the writer cannot resist transcribing his picture : "On the opposite side of a deep glen, watered by the Neda, is the supposed site of ancient Phigaleia. Represent to yourself a river, darting from a narrow pass between the rocks, rapidly flowing at an immense depth below a bridge, overhung with myrtle, bay,<sup>1</sup> and arbutus, and soon after lost by the eye between two perpendicular and approaching cliffs, the trees of which seem to unite their branches, and form one lofty mass of forest ; then a steep road leading to a fountain, overhung with weeping willows and wild olives, rushing from

<sup>1</sup> "Et vos, ô lauri, carpam, et te, proxima myrte,  
Sic positæ quoniam suaves miscetis odores."—VIRG. *Ecl.* 2 54.









the rock, under an immense natural arch, and afterwards dashing with a loud noise its foaming waters to feed the river. Over this, built among hanging masses of stone, which the first blast threatens to hurl down the abyss, some miserable cottages, commanded by a mountain crowned with ancient walls, the extent of which seems to indicate the habitation of the giant warriors of old—such is the situation of the little village of Paulitza.

“We reached the bottom by a zigzag path of tremendous declivity, sometimes obliterated by fallen rocks, and only practicable with the greatest care and precaution. It was here that we found ourselves on the banks of the celebrated Neda, flowing rapidly through one of the most singular chasms in the world, under magnificent precipices, which tower to an astonishing height on each side, and seem to oppose the passage of its waters; leaving, in fact, no space but that which time and the incessant flood have worn between the most prominent of their enormous masses.”

“We crossed the Neda near a waterfall, and, ascending by a steep path, came immediately to the foundations of what must have been the gate of Phigaleia. Another rugged ascent, which in one part consists of a road supported by ancient masonry, conducts to the little village of Paulitza, the present representative of the Arcadian city.”<sup>1</sup>

## PLATE XXXVI.—THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO EPICURIUS

AT BASSÆ, NEAR PHIGALEIA.

AFTER a variety of hill and dale, and moor and mountain, the tourist, ascending through a steep wood of ancient oaks, descries “the Columns,” (as they are called), and soon afterwards arrives at the renowned temple of Apollo Epicurius, whose sculptured marbles, like others of the more celebrated Parthenon, adorn our national Museum.

Next to the Tegean temple, Pausanias tells us that the temple of Apollo Epicurius, at Bassæ, was the most distinguished in the Peloponnesus. It was built by Ictinus, the architect of the Athenian Parthenon and Propylæa. There are thirty-six columns of the peristyle standing, out of forty-two, with some frusta of the pilasters. The roof and walls of the cella have fallen, and the sculptured frieze—Centauræ and Lapithæ, Amazons and Greeks—was covered with the ruins.

The scenery all around is bold, varied, and romantic; mountain over mountain, till all is lost in the distant sea beyond Calamata and its plain.

<sup>1</sup> Gell's Narrative.

Ithome stands out in the centre of the picture, and the temple itself, from which there is no view, has its place in the landscape immediately below the foreground, relieved by the deep wood through which the traveller ascends to the platform of the temple.<sup>1</sup>

—————"From the Temple's base  
The rocky knoll, precipitous and bare,  
Sweeps down to yonder vale, whose clustering woods  
Sleep in the lustre of the setting sun."—HAYGARTH'S *Greece*.

#### ANDRITZENA AND LYCÆUS.<sup>2</sup>

After a devious and beautiful ride through a pass<sup>3</sup> among the high Nomian mountains, whose declivities are embosomed in groves and forests, the tourist emerges into an open and elevated space, looking down upon the valley of the Alpheus, over which are seen the higher Alps of the

<sup>1</sup> "The spacious expanse of the Messenian plain, encircled with mountains, bursts on the view and Mount Ithome (3,865 feet high) appears in all its beauty."—DODWELL.

"There is a magnificent view from the temple, to Ithome, and the gulf of Coron."—GELL.

<sup>2</sup> MOUNT LYCÆUS, (Dhiforti)—"On looking up the mountain the village of Tragomano is descried in an elevated situation full two hours distant. Half an hour higher is the Hippodrome of the Lycean games, and twenty minutes more would bring to the summit a person who should be disposed to climb into what is perhaps the most interesting among the most interesting mountains in the world.

"From its summit," says Mr. Dodwell, "no words can convey an adequate idea of the enchanting scene which burst upon us. The snow-crested summits of Taigetos rise in rugged majesty and towering pride above the smooth and even surface of the Messenian Gulf, terminated by the blue horizon of the open sea; and the broad Pamisos is seen winding through the rich plain of Stenykleros, and adding to it its tributary stream. The flat-topped Ithome is distinguished beyond the great plain of Messenia, enveloped in tints of aerial blue. The Cape of Coron is observed shooting into the Gulf. The open sea is now and then descried over the undulating surface of the Messenian mountains. The plain and Acropolis of Cyparissia (now Arkadia) are distinguished clearly, rising from the Cyparissian Gulf. A long line of open sea is then contemplated towards the west, and further north, the dim and distant outlines of Zante and Cephalonia. Skottis and Olenus are next beheld, tipped with snow, nor are even the misty summits unseen which are beyond the Olympic plain. The ramification from Lycæus which forms Mount Kotyilion, appears toward the north, with its temple like a luminous speck. The panorama is closed with the flat and verdant plain of Megalopolis, with its ancient capital, the winding Alpheus, and the lofty mountains which rise beyond it. The nearer view is gratified by the sight of abrupt precipices and wooded masses receding one behind another, and with intervening glens and plains, and adorned with every variety of tint that Nature ever combined in her most fantastic mood and most smiling hour."—DODWELL.

The sides of Lycæus are covered with thick woods of chestnut, under which the shepherds of the country still feed their flocks, as when Pan, the favorite deity of Arcadia, had his temple and grove and sacred games on the summit.—GELL.

<sup>3</sup> "This pass is known by the name of the Anathema, from a heap of stones found on the road side, and called by the Greeks *a curse*. The following is the manner in which a Romaic peasant anathematizes his enemy:—surrounded by his friends and his neighbours, he proceeds to some hillock, cross-road, or other public and frequented spot, there, imprecating Divine vengeance against his unfortunate foe, he gathers together a certain number of stones; each of his friends and neighbours adds to the mass, pronouncing at the same time the dreadful word *ανάθεμα*, which consigns to eternal abhorrence the miserable object of the curse, and severs him from the society of his townsmen. Every traveller who passes for some time afterwards, thinks it his duty to augment the heap of stones, pronouncing the dire form of execration. These anathemas are not unfrequently seen in Greece; they are generally formed on public occasions: such a one, I am told, is seen somewhere near Athens; it was erected against an individual who betrayed his fellow-citizens to their common adversaries, the Turks."—LAURENT'S *Classical Tour*.

Several of these piles of stones were pointed out to the writer, during his tour through Greece, as Anathemas.

"Cruelty towards an enemy, whom they considered it just and lawful to hate and pursue to the death is one of the blemishes which from the days of Hesiod and Herodotus to those of Polybius deformed the old Hellenic character."—DR. HEINRICH HASE.







KARTENA





northern portion of the Morea, the great chain of Cyllene, Aroania, Erymanthus, and Skottis, that surround the Arcadian valleys and lakes. Three hours from the temple the extensive village of Andritzena presents itself, of little pictorial character, but most delightfully situated, and well provided for the repose and comfort of the jaded tourist, especially if he be a bearer of introductory letters.

From Andritzena he descends the steep and rugged slope of the Nomian mountains towards the valley. At some distance below is seen a conical hill, surmounted by a decayed fortress; it is called Palaio Kastro, a name bestowed upon every ruin of the kind in Greece, for want of a more definite and historical one. Vestiges of an old town are near its base; these, as well as the castle, are probably on ancient sites. Travellers call the place Labda. The scenery now becomes more striking and bold in its character. The Alpheus is heard roaring among the rocks beneath, while above their highest peaks the Morean Olympus, Mount Lycæus, is seen frowning over the whole, with his head just below the clouds. "If deep glens, spreading trees, and gushing waters constitute the delights of Arcadian scenery," says Sir William Gell, "the poets have not sung in vain the praises of this region."

After passing through a deep defile of the river, and turning a rocky shoulder of the mountain, the tourist comes suddenly in view of the old bridge, the town, and lofty citadel of Karitena.

### PLATE XXXVII.—KARITENA.

THE Citadel<sup>1</sup> of Karitena, crowned by a Venetian fortress, with the town at its upper, and the Alpheus at its lower, base, struggling through a deep rocky ravine, together with the old bridge as a foreground, make one of the most striking and picturesque scenes in Greece.

Karitena has no antiquities to boast of. Sir William Gell thinks that the ancient Brenthea was probably on its site.

According to Tennent,<sup>2</sup> Karitena, which was the birth-place of Colocotroni, was one of the first towns in Greece to raise the standard of freedom. It contained, at that period, about three thousand souls.

It was in a large vault, on the summit of this citadel, that the klefts or brigands, who, on the loss of their leader, had come over from the defiles

<sup>1</sup> The citadel of Karitena was estimated by the Morea Commissioners at 1,913 feet (English) above the sea.

<sup>2</sup> *Picture of Greece*, by SIR JAS. EMERSON TENNENT, M.P.

of Mount Helicon to solicit the king's pardon, were summarily incarcerated by the governor before they had an opportunity of making voluntary submission to the sovereign, who was then on a tour in this district. These men were the terror of Greece at the time these sketches were taken, and it was probably as well that they were secured from doing further mischief, which would in all likelihood have occurred, had the king, in the exercise of his prerogative, let them loose again upon society. They were sixteen in number, on their capture by the soldiery; one was shot in the needless affray, and the officious governor told the writer that he should single out one or two more for decapitation. Without venturing to speculate upon the nature of the circumstances, probably political, which usually give a show of cause to such illegal assemblages, the satisfaction which the fact of their being taken spread over the whole country was unmistakeable—it was the subject of rejoicing in all the conversations of the quiet peasantry for several days' journey afterwards.

#### PLATES XXXVIII & XXXIX.—THE VALLEY OF THE ALPHEUS.

“*Æstuat Alpheös.*”—OVID.

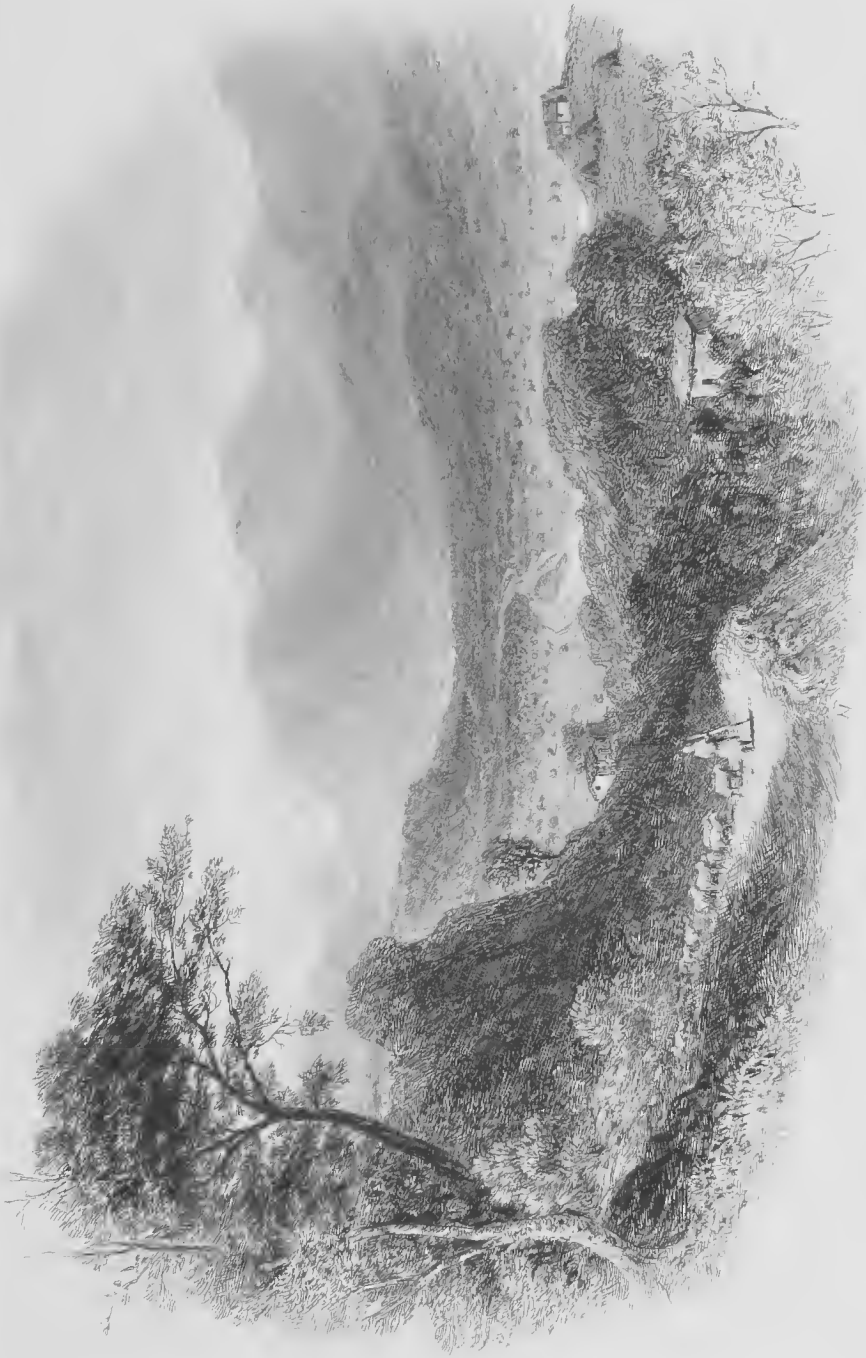
THE descent from Karitena to the banks of the river Gortyna affords a striking retrospect of the romantic and lofty citadel. The ancient Arcadians must have been a more peace-loving people than their neighbours if they had never occasion to make use of this natural fortress as a place of refuge or defence; and yet, because the few pages of history which have come down to us say nothing about it, some have concluded that the ancients passed it over as a position of no importance, although, as the key to a most important pass, it must have been of great value at all periods while the country was inhabited.

The river Gortyna, which flows into the Alpheus a little below, is crossed by a singular and very steep old bridge of one arch, a miniature Ponte di Rialto. The path thence ascends the wooded rocks, until it places the traveller on the platform of the ancient town of Gortys. Temples to Apollo and Æsculapius existed here, of which the foundations, together with some Cyclopean blocks, alone remain. The precipices on which these foundations are located rise about two hundred feet above the river, which here makes an abrupt angle, washing their rocky base. A curiously-ornamented monastery arrests the eye of the tourist as he looks down upon the torrent beneath, which appears stuck against the perpendicular cliffs about















ALPHEUS







half-way from the summit; but the scene is more peculiar than picturesque. From Gortys the route ascends to a long valley, beautifully interspersed with forest trees, the descent from which, among noble sycamores, to the lower valley of the Alpheus, is abrupt and highly picturesque.

A few hours from Gortys, on the way to Aios Aiannes, there is a fine anavathron—a whole river, fifty or sixty feet wide, rushes into existence at once from under a low ledge of limestone rock, and assuming its ample course in the wooded valley, hastens to join the Alpheus at no great distance. The water is deliciously cool and translucent, which travellers know how to appreciate.

On the left some loose building materials mark the site of the ancient Buphagus. Wood and water scenery in the utmost perfection accompany the tourist to Aios Aiannes, the position of the Arcadian Heræa, where two of the most beautiful valley scenes that even Arcadia can boast of await his admiration. In the first the Alpheus is seen flowing towards him in a broad and rapid stream, from the mountainous region near Andritzena, amid villages (among which is Nerovitza, the ancient Aliphera), and woods and cultivated grounds, until it makes a gentle inclination to the west, and again becomes an interesting and beautiful feature as it hastens away to the plains of Olympia and to the sea, under which the poets tell us it pursues its course to the shores of Sicily, where it reappears in the fountain of Arethusa.<sup>1</sup> The rivers Ladon and Erymanthus<sup>2</sup> flow into the valley, and unite with the Alpheus a short distance below Heræa, as may be remarked in the second view.

“Nymphs and shepherds, dance no more  
By sandy Ladon’s lillied banks;  
On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar,  
Trip no more in twilight ranks;  
Though Erymanth your loss deplore  
A better soil shall give ye thanks.”—MILTON’S *Arcades*.

Here, as in the vale of Megalopolis, no geometrical demarcations of hedge and ditch offend the eye, but an inartificial elegance and natural beauty reign throughout.

<sup>1</sup> ————“Alpheum fama est huc, Elidis amnem,  
Occultas egisse vias subter mare; qui nunc  
Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.”—VIRGIL *Æn.* 3. 694.

The fountain of Arethusa in Sicily is now, as of yore, a large anavathron; it is surrounded by high walls, and is the daily resort of the laundress nymphs of Syracuse, who exercise their profession and their tongues here in a style well calculated to banish all classic recollections from the mind of the visitor.

<sup>2</sup> “Donec arenosi placitum Ladonis ad amnem  
Venerit.”—OVID *Mét.*

“Aut Erymanthi  
Pacarit nemora.”—VIRGIL *Æn.* 6. 802.

See CALLIMACHUS’ Hymn in Jov.

Homer in his sixth *Odyssey* describes Diana hunting the boar amid the shady groves of Erymanthus and Taïgetus.

Pausanias informs us that Heræus, son of Lycaon, built Heræa, on the right bank of the Alpheus, the larger portion of which is situated on a gently rising hill, and the remainder on the skirts of the river below, where are the race-course, baths, &c. Two temples to the Greek Bacchus, one to Pan, and another to Juno, the patroness of the spot, were likewise erected at Heræa. A few frusta of small stone columns were the only remains of antiquity which the writer observed during his limited sojourn in this most beautiful district.

At the extremity of the last of the two valley scenes appears a conical mountain; it faces Olympia, and is the ancient Typæus, from which women were thrown who crossed the Alpheus on forbidden days to attend the Olympic games.<sup>1</sup> Beyond this mountain, and about two miles south of Olympia, stood Scyllus, the residence of Xenophon, which was given to him by the Spartans after his banishment from Athens; a woody region, watered by the Selinus, where he and his sons hunted the deer, and the wild boar, and the roe, and where he composed many of his works.<sup>2</sup> Here Xenophon erected a sanctuary to Artemis, which he had vowed during the retreat of the Ten Thousand. From this retirement he was afterwards expelled, and is said to have died at Corinth.

On quitting Heræa the path ascends among the lower hills, but it is as devious and dubious as can well be imagined. The usual scenery of an Arcadian or shepherd district is plentifully furnished forth, but without any striking points to arrest the artist's attention. Occasional villages with surrounding enclosures, deep woody glens with rapid rivers, fall into the line of travel, but the hovels are mean and the landscape above generally bare. From Visitza, where are some well-built stone houses, a high conical acropolis catches the eye, with antique walls and towers running along its contour on both sides to the summit.

A large portion of this district of Arcadia is very imperfectly known to antiquarians,<sup>3</sup> and the maps are not well calculated to guide the inquiring tourist, either in search of ancient ruins, or modern horse-tracks. Over hill and dale the route is continued, for many hours, till the scenery begins to assume a more striking character. The mountains around become higher and of finer forms, the confines of the valleys more decided and precipitous, the valleys themselves more cultivated and level, the forest trees more lofty and umbrageous, and the rivers more rapid and beautiful, while high above on either hand are seen lofty perpendicular rocks, crowned with

<sup>1</sup> Pausanias, 5.

<sup>2</sup> Plutarch de exil.

<sup>3</sup> As Sir William Gell observes, "where Pausanias does not travel, it is in vain to expect any certainty with regard to the antiquities."











gnarled oaks and brushwood, surmounted by the mighty range of Khelmo and Olenus,<sup>1</sup> the highest mountains in Arcadia.

———“And over head up grew  
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,  
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend  
Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
Of stateliest view.”—MILTON.<sup>2</sup>

## PLATE XL.—THE VALLEY OF CLITOR.

“Clitorio quicunque sitim de fonte levarit,  
Vina fugit, gaudetque meris abstemius undis.”—OVID.<sup>3</sup>

———“Soli cantare periti  
Arcades.”—VIRGIL.

THE more northern and Alpine regions of Arcadia abound in fertile valleys, intersected and enlivened by copious streams and rivers, environed by richly wooded forest-like declivities, and finely formed mountains from four to seven and eight thousand feet in height. The general aspect of the country is here more truly characteristic of its poetical reputation than in many of its southern provinces. This plate represents one of the beautiful valleys alluded to. The stream which flows through it bore the name given to the valley itself. Kleitor, or Clitorium, was a city of the Azanes, one of the most ancient peoples of Greece,<sup>4</sup> and one of the three<sup>5</sup> tribes into which the Arcadians were divided by Azan and his two brothers, sons of Arcas, king of Arcadia—they were famed for their hospitality, and for their love of music. Clitor, son of Azan, founded and gave his name to the city,<sup>6</sup> which was located near the middle of the valley. Temples were erected here to Ceres, Esculapius, Lucina, &c.; but the most remarkable object connected with this city in ancient times was a fountain of water, which was said to possess the singular faculty of creating an aversion to wine.<sup>7</sup> The ancient as well as modern practice of saturating the finest wines of Greece with resinous matters easily disposes of the phenomenon, as it would have been more extraordinary if any pure brook or stream in the country did not possess the power to produce the same result on an unvitiated palate.<sup>8</sup> Perhaps the Clitorians used resin to a more disgusting excess than their neighbours?

<sup>1</sup> Khelmos is 7,726 feet high, French Commission. Olenus 7,228.—STRONG'S *Greece*.

<sup>2</sup> “An ample theatre of sylvan grace.”—MASON'S *English Garden*.

<sup>3</sup> “Vinum tædio venire his qui ex Clitorio lacu biberint.”—PLIN. 31. 2.

<sup>4</sup> Strabo, lib. 8.

<sup>5</sup> Stephanus Byzant.

<sup>6</sup> Pausanias, lib. 8. 4. Apollodorus, 3. 8.

<sup>7</sup> Vitruvius, 8. 3.

<sup>8</sup> “Dr. Sibthorp counted in Modern Greece thirty-nine different sorts of grape, exclusive of the currant grape. But a custom, derived from the remotest antiquity, spoils the flavour of the wine to European palates. Turpentine from the *pinus maritima*, which was barked for that purpose in September, often even tar, is poured in great quantities (three pounds to twenty-four gallons English) into the wine, to prevent its turning sour. The pine-cone on the staff of the thyrsus is the type by

A modern village, called Klitoras, stands above the southern descent into the valley, a few miles from the site of the ancient city;<sup>1</sup> and the village of Karnesi is in the immediate vicinity of the latter. Both these places afford house room to travellers passing from Aios Aiannes (Heræa), in the valley of the Alpheus, to Kalabrita; which latter town is only half a day's journey from Clitor.

### PLATE XLI.—KALABRITA<sup>2</sup> (CYNÆTHIUM).

HAVING ascended from the valley of Clitor, through picturesque glens, to a high and naked sheep valley, in which is a small lake of most delicious water, beneath the western summit of mount Khelmos (Aroania), a long and rapid Alpine descent brings the tourist into the valley of the Buraicus, near Kalabrita, a large and thriving modern town, in a mountainous recess. Here the writer was hospitably received by the brother-in-law of the then Greek premier, instead of having to confront the miseries of the wretched khan in which M. Pouqueville was compelled to take up his abode in Turkish times. The town is partly located on the rising ground, and many of the houses, some of which are new and European in form and size, have an air of importance, which, with Khelmos in the background, give to the whole scene a striking and romantic character. Although the great valley, with its noble river, the ancient Buraicus, has a bare appearance, the older houses of the town are well sheltered by trees, and surrounded by productive as well as ornamental gardens, with oranges, lemons, and mulberries. There are no antiquities of any importance here—the site of Cynætha is very doubtful, though it could not have been far distant.

The ancient Cynæthans who inhabited this valley were considered a base, cruel, and uncivilized race, the reverse of their generous neighbours of Clitor. Polybius explains this remarkable difference of character, by informing us that the Cynæthans were the only people of Arcadia who did not cultivate music! “The man who has not music in his soul,” &c. The writer, however, entirely disclaims the application of this ancient characteristic to the Cynæthans of the present day.

which the old Hellenes signified this ancient union of the gifts of the vine with those of the pine tree.”—DR. HENRICH HASE's *Ancient Greeks*.

Greeks, and even Frank residents, who have been accustomed to these nauseous mixed wines of Greece, look upon the pure and beautiful productions of the islands, which are not so adulterated, as comparatively insipid beverages.

<sup>1</sup> “Most of the walls of Kleitor may be traced, though little of them remain above ground. They enclose an irregular oblong space, and were fortified with circular towers. The style of construction is nearly equilateral which gives them the appearance of great solidity; their general thickness is fifteen feet. Here are remains of a small Doric temple with fluted antæ, and columns with capitals of a singular form. Beyond the walls of the city, on the side towards the Kalybia, the ground is covered with sepulchres of the hypogæan kind, similar to those at the Piræus; they might be opened with little trouble and expense.”—SIR WM. GELL.

<sup>2</sup> Καλὰ βρυτὰ. Beautiful water-spring.















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nias (still believed by the peasantry)<sup>1</sup> had been conned over that morning. It may suffice to observe, that taken in a solid state the Stygian beverage proved exceedingly grateful and refreshing. As, however, their thirst was quenched before they returned to the lower part of the valley, where the water was in its fluid and proper state, the writer does not consider himself justified in disputing the truth of Pausanias' statement. He begs therefore to leave the antiquarian's history of its powers just as it was; for it would be a pity to chill the enthusiasm of the true believer in classical mysteries by any rude allusions to modern experience. Pausanias tells us that the water distilled itself from a great height, and passing through a rock entered the river Crathis—that it is deadly to men and animals—that vases of all kinds of material made by man, whether of glass, or crystal, or clay, or murrhine, or stone, of iron, brass, silver, lead, tin or electrum, are broken by it—so let it be! Alexander the Great is said by some to have been poisoned by this water; if so, the deadly potion must have been transported farther than the water of the Ganges, which is said to have been brought *fresh* from that river *morning and evening* to wash the famous Colossus of Juggernaut—a distance of several hundred miles.<sup>2</sup>

In addition to these extraordinary properties, the Styx, by an ordination of Jupiter, became a sacred oath among the gods—one which they could not break without loss of power and station for a whole century.<sup>3</sup>

For Jove among the gods an oath ordained,  
To swear by Styx; and who that oath profaned,  
One hundred years should lose his power divine,  
Nor "precious Nectar" quaff, celestial wine.

The ravine of this sacred torrent is bounded nearly all the way up from the greater valley by vast precipices of perpendicular rock, hundreds of feet high; large trees, old trunks, and brushwood crowning their summits, or shooting out from their interstices. The usual road to the waterfall, however, is at some distance from the ravine, having been contrived to bring the traveller upon the chief object in the shortest time possible: a refinement in sight-showing which one would scarcely expect to find in so remote a corner of Greece.

<sup>1</sup> "I can find no person at Solos, not even the didaskolos (schoolmaster) who is scholar enough to be sensible that he is living on the banks of the Styx, but what is very curious, though ignorant in this respect, they preserve the old notion that the water is unwholesome; and relate nearly the same story concerning it as Pausanias, saying that no vessel will hold the water!"—COL. LEAKE.

<sup>2</sup> Meurice's Indian Antiquities. Vol. 3.

<sup>3</sup> Classic authors differ as to the actual period assigned for punishing the celestial culprits; some are for one, others nine, one a hundred, and another a thousand years; the difference, however, though great to mortals, cannot be worthy of notice to the parties implicated, who have a whole eternity before them.

"Stygias juravimus undas."—OVID, *Met.* 2. 101.

"Adjuro Stygii caput implacabile fontis."—VIRG. *Æn.* 12. 816.











The landscape studies afforded by the valley of Klouchines below are innumerable; there is, perhaps, no part of Greece where the grand and the picturesque are so happily blended. Mills and cascades, rocky chasms choked with wood, towns on declivities—in fact, every material which a landscape painter can desire—but not a decent roof to shelter him if he were disposed to remain for a short period.

### PLATE XLIII.—LAKE PHONIÀ (PHENEOS.)

“Est locus Arcadiæ (Pheneon dixere priores)  
Ambiguus suspectus aquis: quas nocta timeto;  
Nocte nocent potæ. Sine noxâ luce bibuntur.”—OVID.

ON the route from Klouchines up the neighbouring valley to the pass at its extremity, there are few points to attract the artist; but when the summit of the pass is attained, a scene of indescribable magnificence bursts upon his view like a paradise. All the beauties of our English lakes, with those of Italy, seem concentrated and displayed with a new and more captivating grace. The noble amphitheatre of mountains combined with the lake form the heart of the picture, Mount Khelmos the right, and Mount Cyllene, in all its grandeur, the left screen. The foreground is decked with pines all the way down to the valley on this side of the lake, where they are exchanged for deciduous trees; the varieties of hill and dale perpetually varying the prospect during the descent. The monastery of St. Demetrius comes admirably into the middleground above the valley alluded to, and, by its combination with, improves the most picturesque view of the lake. (*See plate 43.*)

There is an old prophecy extant concerning this lake. Long previous to the acknowledgment of Greek liberty it was entirely deprived of its waters by a katavathron, or subterraneous conduit, its only outlet—a mode of discharge not unusual in this limestone country. The prophecy was, that “Greece would never be free until the lake was replenished.”<sup>1</sup> A very short period before the allied powers declared the freedom of Greece the katavathron closed, and the lake reappeared.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The reverse of the Delphian prophecy respecting the Lake of Albano, and the conquest of Veii—, see Livy. When Albano was emptied, Veii would fall. When Phonià became full, Greece would be free. The waters of Phonià after passing through this katavathron become the source of the river Ladon.

<sup>2</sup> It is yet more than twenty feet lower than it was in ancient times. The mark denoting its former elevation is very evident along the base of the mountains, many yards above the present water level. The appearance is singular in an inland lake, and reminds the spectator of an arm of the sea after the tide has left. (This lake is said to be 2,444 feet above the sea.)

“Ὡστε καὶ ἐφ’ ἡμῶν σημεῖα εἰλείπετο ἐπὶ τῶν ὄρων, εἰς ἃ ἐπαναβῆναι τὸ ὕδωρ λέγονται.”—PAUSANIAS, *Arcadica*, lib. 8.

Colonel Leake, however, has entered his protest against this solution of the phenomenon.

The ancient Pheneos (an Homeric city) may be seen on an isolated hill not far distant, with the ruins of its walls and scattered masses of masonry. It formerly, according to Pausanias, contained a temple of Minerva Tritonia, of which are now only seen some rude relics ; also an equestrian statue of Neptune, which was of brass, dedicated by Ulysses, they say, when, having lost his horses, he rambled through Greece in search of them, and being successful, he built a temple to Diana Heurippen on the spot. Hermes had a temple, statue, and games here.

The houses of the modern village are situated among trees and walled gardens, and have all the appearance of affording the necessities of life to the wayfarer whose canteen should be empty, and whose arrangements should admit of a sojourn. The writer and his cortège dined at a spring near the monastery of St. Demetrius, under the supervision of the hegoumenos or abbot, who, in this remote spot, was only too glad to have an opportunity of gaining, by an hour's gossip, any news that a fresh arrival might bring. The recent capture of the brigands was the all-absorbing theme.

The way to Stymphalus lies across a broad territory of flat corn land, formerly a part of the bed of the lake, ascending through the village of Moshea, on the hill side, where is a beautiful fountain, to a shoulder of the mountain (Geronteion), which separates the two valleys and lakes, and whence there is a second beautiful view of the vale and lake of Phonià.

#### PLATE XLIV.—LAKE STYMPHALUS (ZARAKA, *hod.*)

“Et ærisonum Stymphalon.”—STATIUS.

A descent of a few miles through a wild and uncultivated valley brings the tourist in sight of Lake Stymphalus,<sup>1</sup> but not a habitation for man is to be seen ; and, though there is no lack of either sheep or shepherds, there is not even a fold in view. The path, which is only occasionally evident, was pursued along the southern border of the lake, sometimes near its brink, at others, where huge masses of rock obstructed all direct progress, ascending bluff promontories. Having passed the katavathron<sup>2</sup> by which the waters of the lake are discharged, which are said to reappear in the

<sup>1</sup> “We came in sight of Lake Stymphalus, which, though not of considerable dimensions, is very grand and picturesque, and surrounded by mountains of a bold outline and magnificent appearance.”—SIR WM. GELL.

“The scenery of Mount Cyllene is of the finest kind both in its magnitude and in its picturesque character.”—DR. HOLLAND.

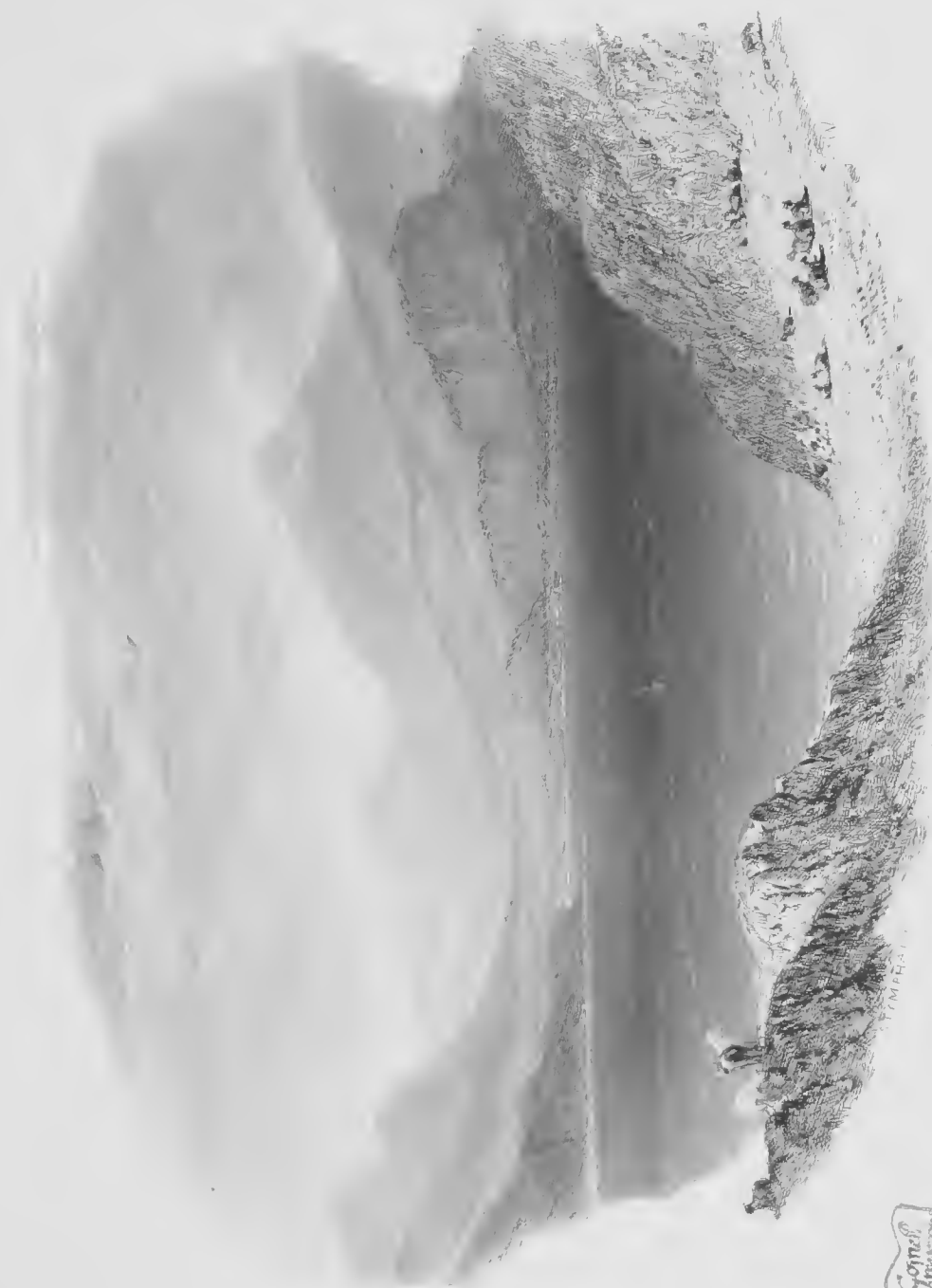
Mount Cyllene is stated by the French Commission to be 7,788 feet above the sea.

<sup>2</sup> A miracle is told, that when the rites of Diana were carelessly performed the woods fell into the cavern of the outlet, so that the water inundated the plain. A hunter, swimming after a deer











Argolic plain as the river Erasinus, and the daylight being nearly exhausted, the tourists took advantage of a rocky cavern as their place of repose, which presented its seemingly hospitable recess in the face of a perpendicular limestone cliff, about a hundred feet above the surface of the water. A better position for contemplating the magnificent scenery around could scarcely have been selected. The wide expanse of the lake, the sublime forms of the mountains, the recollections of its mythic history, in which gods and fiends are more prominent than men, combine to make the view one of the most poetical that can be imagined. Mount Cyllene, on whose summit Mercury was born,

——— "The herald Mercury  
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,"

and where the remains of his temple are said still to exist, rises in broad and solemn grandeur directly in front of the spectator, to an altitude of eight thousand feet; at its base is just visible on the opposite shore the ancient acropolis of Stymphalus, an Homeric city. Over the lower skirts of Cyllene the great mountain Aroania (Khelmos), with its rocky summit (next in height only to Cyllene, and whence the waters of the Styx distil themselves,) makes a conspicuous appearance in the distance, while the dark lake below completes this impressive ancient landscape.

Pausanias informs us that those cannibal birds, the stymphalides, infested this district. Similar feathered monsters, which are as savage to mankind as lions or tigers, were said also to exist in Arabia. The only nuisances which the writer found in his troglodital dormitory were the swarms of huge and venomous mosquitoes, whose inflictions, accompanied by the loud croaking noise of the frogs on the beach below, rendered sleep next to impossible, and put his little cavalcade in motion a full hour before daybreak in self-defence. That the mosquitoes of the present day are lineal descendants from the stymphalides of ancient times cannot be doubted for a moment by any one who has suffered for hours by their cannibal attacks. The clouds of Latakia smoke, which were made to roll in volumes through the cave after supper, had the effect of scaring them away for a time, like the brazen rattle of Hercules; but they returned and renewed their torments with redoubled vigour, as soon as the vapours subsided.

both were swallowed up in the vortex, and the plain dried again in a day. Sir William Gell climbed a precipice to look down upon this fearful chasm. "A sort of imposing stillness," he says "rendered more terrible the sight of what appeared an unfathomable abyss, drawing to itself in treacherous silence, every floating object, till it became insensibly and irrevocably lost in the dark and tremendous gulf below. The water had all the appearance of immense depth, so that, though perfectly transparent, and seen from a considerable elevation, no signs of the bottom were visible. The natives believe that the cones of fir trees, having been thrown in considerable numbers into the waters here, have really re-appeared at the fountain head of the Erasinus near Argos."

"Mali culices, ranæque palustres  
Avertunt somnos."—HORACE.

The path now lay over the two boundary hills of Stymphalus towards the east, an extensive tract covered with myrtles, lentisk bushes, and other plants, highly valued in colder climes; in the midst of which are the débris of an ancient city, Alea: the travellers, however, were too much exhausted by their previous fatigues and restless slumbers to prosecute any researches, though the spot was sanctified, according to Pausanias, by three temples. One of these celebrities, it appears, the temple of Bacchus, was remarkable, during the festivals of that deity, as the arena for whipping women—a remembrance that did not quicken the desire for inquiry. The route thence descended into what Gell calls "a frightfully ugly and dreary country," at whose confines the large modern village of Agios Giorgios (St. George) is located, thence by Nemea and Cleonæ to Corinth.

## CORINTHIA.

### PLATE XLV.—CORINTH (EPHYRA).

"Πρώρα καὶ πρύμνα τῆς Ἑλλάδος."—DION CHRYSOSTOM.

"Lumen totius Græciæ."—CICERO.

CORINTH was a very magnificent city; renowned for its commerce, its wealth, its splendour, its luxury, its dissipation, and its expensiveness.<sup>1</sup>

Corcyra (Corfu) and Syracuse were both colonies of Corinth. It was here that the first triremes were built. The first naval battle on record was fought between Corcyra and the mother country, 657 B.C. The Isthmæan games, a source of great attraction to the wealthy, were celebrated in the neighbourhood of Corinth, where extensive ruins and foundations still exist. The city abounded in noble edifices, and the fine arts were pursued with every success. It was alternately ruled by kings and oligarchs; and then by Macedonian troops, until it joined the Achaian league. The city was taken and burnt to the ground by Mummius, 146 B.C. During this fire the Corinthian brass was discovered.

Corinth was restored by Julius Cæsar, A.D. 46, who called it Colonia Julia Corinthius, when it became the capital of Achaia. The new city was two hundred and seventeen years old when Pausanias visited and described it; but an enumeration of the splendid edifices which he saw would only disappoint the tourist, as there is nothing to arrest his attention in memory

<sup>1</sup> "Ὅν παντὸς ἀνδρὸς ἐς Κόρινθον εἰσθ' ὀπλοῦς."—"Non cuivis," &c.—HORACE.







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of them but a few massive stone columns, which are supposed to have belonged to a temple—the oldest in Greece.

“There is a temple in ruin stands,  
Fashioned by long forgotten hands,  
Two or three columns,” &c.

“Remnants of things that have passed away,  
Fragments of stone reared by creatures of clay.”—BYRON.

There were eleven of these columns in Dr. Chandler’s time; they are now reduced to seven. From their proportions, which are short and stout, their high antiquity has been assumed. Laurent supposes them to have formed part of a temple dedicated to Jupiter Coryphæus.<sup>1</sup> They are of a common soft stone, covered with a hard stucco like those at Ægina. Their date is supposed to be about 650 B.C. St. Paul came here from Athens in the year 52, and stayed eighteen months. This was the most southerly point in Greece which he visited. From Corinth he sailed to Ephesus.

This more modern city of Corinth was destroyed by Alaric. Its present representative is a straggling and insignificant village, by no means healthy,<sup>2</sup> and with indifferent accommodations for the tourist, unless he bring an introduction to the governor, whose neat mansion is near the old columns. Corinth was remarkable for the beauty of its women in ancient times, and the writer can with truth aver, if the governor’s lady may be taken as an example, that there has been no falling off during a lapse of two thousand years. The governor himself, in his brilliant Albanian costume of scarlet and gold, was of a fine manly appearance. They had been married only a short period, and were certainly the handsomest and happiest-looking couple with whom the writer became acquainted in Greece.

### ACRO-CORINTH.

“*Arx inter omnia in immanem altitudinem edita, scatens fontibus.*”—LIVY.

“Many a vanished year and age  
And tempest’s breath and battle’s rage  
Have swept o’er Corinth; yet she stands  
A fortress formed to freedom’s hands.”—BYRON.

The Acropolis or Citadel of Corinth is on a huge craggy limestone hill, nearly two thousand feet high,<sup>3</sup> commanding the town, the isthmus, and

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Leake conjectures that it was dedicated to Athenæ Chalinitis, in the middle of the seventh century before the Christian Æra. It is the only important relic of Ancient Corinth.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps no country presents such a contrast of climates in the same extent of territory as Greece. I have, on more than one occasion, laid for some days at Corinth, suffering from the sleet and wind, to which its position is peculiarly liable, while from the hill above, the sunny citadel of Athens was seen shining bright under the splendour of a cloudless sky.—GELL’S *Narrative*, &c.

<sup>3</sup> “1,886 feet.”—COL. LEAKE.

the extremities of the two gulfs. It may be clearly seen from the Athenian Acropolis, which is nearly fifty miles distant. Many vestiges remain on its summit, which chiefly consist of old Turkish houses and other foundations. This rock is remarkable for the celebrated fountain of Pirene, at which Pegasus was drinking when taken by Bellerophon. The Acro-Corinth was always considered one of the strongest fortifications in all Greece, and the key to the Morea. Since the recent revolution it has been left in its ruins—one of the numerous memorials of the hatred which the Greeks bore to their oppressors.

In a picturesque point of view, Corinth is one of the most striking scenes in Greece, particularly when the old columns<sup>1</sup> are brought into combination with the Acropolis.<sup>2</sup> As the tourist leaves Corinth he will observe the remains of the Canal of Nero, which was commenced to unite the Corinthian with the Athenian gulf.

## SICYONIA.

### FROM CORINTH TO SICYON AND MEGASPILION.

The route from Corinth descends to the olive grounds, whence there is a fine retrospect of the town and citadel, with the sea on the left of the scene; thence over an extensive tract of cultivated territory to the ancient city of Sicyon, one of the oldest nationalities in the world.<sup>3</sup> The tourist ascends the high table land, on which the antiquities remain, through a steep ravine, and near an Hellenic fountain, after which a few mean houses,<sup>4</sup> the representatives of the old place, present themselves, as he enters upon the hallowed ground—for hallowed must it ever be to the artist, since it was here that his profession was first legally enobled.<sup>5</sup> The remnants, comprising the green seats of a once marble theatre, symptoms of a stadium, with traces of foundations, are all that are left of this interesting

<sup>1</sup> "The columns are each composed of one block of calcareous stone"—above thirty tons weight.

<sup>2</sup> Williams, the landscape painter of Edinburgh, in his Greek tour says, "The whole scene has an air of peculiar grandeur, and ranks among the finest subjects for the pencil that I have seen in Greece."

<sup>3</sup> "The oldest kingdom in the world;—some say anterior to the Assyrians and Egyptians. It lasted one thousand years, and was absorbed by the Argives."

(Vasiliko, *hodie*) founded 3,930 years ago, or 2,088 B.C., and A.M. 1,915.—TEMPLE STANYAN.

<sup>4</sup> "When the Morea was under the Venetians, Basiliko (Sicyon), was a considerable town; now it is but a heap of ruins, and inhabited only by three families of Turks, and about as many Christians. This final destruction, one of the inhabitants told us, happened about twenty years ago by the plague: (about the middle of the seventeenth century) which they held to be a judgment of God upon the Turks for prophaning one of the Christian churches there, turning it into a mosque by command of the vaivode, who fell down dead upon the place the first time he caused the alcoran to be read in it; whose death was followed soon after with such a pestilence as in a short time utterly destroyed the whole town, which could never since be re-peopled."—SIR GEORGE WHEELER'S *Journey*, 6.

<sup>5</sup> The Sicyonians are said to have enacted a law by which none but persons of birth could profess the fine arts—so anxious were they to prevent these sources of mental refinement from being degraded by vulgar practitioners.

spot. A few huge masses of Roman brick work on the plain in front of these antiquities sadly defile the associations of the spot, and drag the mind back from the earliest ages of refinement into more recent memories of brute war and conquest. The district around is bald and almost houseless, but, as Byron says, "Nature still is fair,"—Mount Geranion, the Corinthian Acropolis, and the great gulf, present the same enchanting view from the theatre which they did forty centuries ago.

From Sicyon a tortuous path lies near the margin of the Gulf of Corinth, among currant grounds that tell of commerce and of wealth (things long unknown to Greece), many a tedious mile. Hedges, ditches, and streamlets, the divisions among the vineyards, repeatedly turn the tourist from his onward course. The elevated range of woody hills and cliffs which accompany him on the left are frequently crowned with ancient masonry—to some of these, ancient names are attached. Near Xylo Kastro was the port of Pellene, Aristonautæ; the town itself, which is mentioned by Homer, was sixty stadia distant, among the hills, according to Pausanias. The hills themselves are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful, but they rarely comply with the requirements of the artist, except as separate studies. The broad bay with the noble mountains of Locris on the other side, crowned by Parnassus, is always an interesting scene to the traveller when he can find himself sufficiently disengaged from attention to his horse's footing, to cast an eye in that direction. From the great elevations of the mountains which rise above either shore, the gulf of Corinth has all the character of a large lake. It is nearly fifty miles long and from ten to fifteen and twenty broad. Pindus and Parnassus on the north, and Cyllene, Khelmos, and Olenus on the south, averaging as much as eight thousand feet in height.

#### ACHAIA.

About half an hour beyond Xylo Kastro is Kamares, on the high hill above which Gell places the Gonussa of Pausanias. Four hours more bring the tourist to Mavra Litharia; the summit of the height, twelve stadia off, shows the remains of the ancient Ægira, and when he arrives at the khan of Akrata, at the mouth of the Crathis, the outlet of the Styx, he will find himself near the ancient Ægæ.

The lake-like character of the great gulf becomes more evident as the tourist ascends the high woody hills from the khan on his way to Megas-pilion; the mountains on the opposite side, too, rise before him in much magnificence—those above Salona and the range of Pindus are particularly

bold and striking in their forms. The tourist has still before him an upward track of many miles, through woods and across ravines, till the huge rocks alone reign triumphant; not such rocks as are seen in Borrowdale, or the Trosachs, or in Dovedale, but such as a young landscape painter would dream before his first visit to romantic scenes: large isolated masses shooting out of the ground, as if they were independent of it, to heights that astound the observer. These rocks are at the back of the cliffs which overhang the great monastery, to which the descent among the woods is rapid and rugged, until he suddenly finds himself on the terrace, in front of perhaps the most striking scene he ever beheld.

### PLATES XLVI. & XLVII.—MEGASPILION.<sup>1</sup>

*“Præsentio rem conspicimus Deum  
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,  
Clivosque præruptos.”—GRAY.*

THE highest strung imagination must fail in idealizing the wonders of this place; the pencil may not err in delineating individual scenes with accuracy, but those are (as art itself is) necessarily limited, and nothing short of an actual sight of the stupendous assemblage of objects which constitute this far-famed group, can convey an adequate impression of its grandeur and sublimity.

*“For frail was Painting’s hand, and rude,  
Imperfect to her will;  
And Nature’s awful magnitude  
Frowned at her mimic skill.”—SWAIN.*

The terrace by which the visitor approaches the chief entrance to the monastery is many stories above the actual base of the building, which latter is in the garden far below. The great front, which is very irregular, is, in its highest part, little short of one hundred and twenty feet above the ground, and the windows, many of them having arched loggie and verandahs, in front, of every variety of shape and projection, amount to nearly two hundred in number, counting fourteen stories in the tallest portion. There is a picturesque magnificence about it which is exceedingly striking. Nature has here worked upon her grandest scale, while man has exceeded himself in the vastness of his effort to rival her—the scene is without a parallel.

<sup>1</sup> The great Cave.

The traveller will find respectable accommodation in the Monastery, especially if he carry with him official letters of introduction. The writer was so over-burthened with attentions if not with varied dishes, for it was Lent, that the Monks would not allow him to be at the trouble of separating the bones from the fish which constituted his repast, but stood at the table to perform this operation while he was appeasing his hunger.

















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The late Ibrahim Pasha, during the Greek revolution, laid siege to this convent; but the monks, with some palikars, aided by batteries which they raised on the terraces, scattered and destroyed hundreds of the enemy. The enraged and resolute Turk, driven to desperation, ordered his Arabs to the summit of the cliff, whence they hurled down large blocks of rock, but they all fell beyond the roof of the building, and poor Ibrahim was compelled to retreat.<sup>1</sup>

This vast edifice, the principal religious house in the Morea, was founded by the Greek Emperors, the Palæologi. It supports nearly five hundred monks, most of whom are dispersed about the country, engaged in superintending the farms, than which none on earth are more beautifully cultivated. Its currant plantations produce 80,000 lbs. weight annually. It is a royal monastery, and enjoys great privileges. The visits of pilgrims are said to add materially to the revenues of the establishment. If the sublimities of Nature be the proper medium through which to look up to Nature's God, the pilgrim who threads the mazes of this wonderful ravine from the shores of the Corinthian gulf, can scarcely fail to find his mind well prepared for adoration, when he arrives beneath the awfully gigantic rocks which frown above the monastic pile of Megaspilion.

————— "Thus the men  
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself  
Hold converse, grow familiar day by day  
With His conceptions: act upon His plan,  
And form to His the relish of their souls."—AKENSIDE.

#### MEGASPILION TO PATRAS.

The tourist has here the choice of two paths—one will conduct him through the Alpine defile of the Achaian mountains; the other along the skirts of the Corinthian gulf. Taking the latter path from the monastery, which crosses the Buraicus, now the Kalabrita river, at the base of the steep declivity on which the building stands, the scenery soon becomes more varied and extensive, as he emerges from the deep valley of woods and rocks to which his view has been recently restricted. The earlier portion of the territory over which he has now to travel, on his descent to the sea-shore, is not less than from three to four thousand feet high, and commands from each eminence over which he passes the most magnificent views across the Corinthian gulf, with Helicon, Parnassus, and the Pindus range of mountains in the north, and the sea beyond Missolonghi in the west.

<sup>1</sup> "At the beginning of the Revolution, 150 of the monks had turned out against the Turks. The Superior told me, that he and they were ready to take the field again when required."—COL. STANHOPE'S *Greece*.

To the native of a less sunny climate who makes the Greek tour, the exhilaration of spirit attendant upon mountain excursions seems to give almost a new existence; and when this healthful state of mind is nourished by such refreshing excitements as the sublimest scenery and associations can offer, it may be easily imagined that the impressions which must result are calculated to last for life. In the scene here referred to, though too extensive for picture, nothing is wanting to gratify the eye and intelligence of the spectator. The vast range of interesting objects which crowd upon the sight from this spot—of cities, whose inhabitants were renowned during the brightest and the earliest æras of mankind, now dwindled to mere foundations, on the summits of lofty rocks, or the shores of the sea below, but still fresh in the memory—of mountains which the Muses and the Graces made their own in the palmiest days of poetry, and from which they can never be dethroned—of an ocean-lake full fifty miles long, spread beneath the eye, which was the first to send forth armed galleys for naval encounters—all displayed under a canopy as brilliant and sapphire-like as our earth can exhibit, and in an atmosphere so lucid and ethereal that the very inspiration of it is a source of enjoyment.

————— "In a purer clime  
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought  
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime  
Break over me unsought."—MILTON.

In further descending towards the coast, the prodigious magnitude of the rocks near the Metochi of Megaspilion amaze and astound the beholder.<sup>1</sup> They are of the same character as those of Megaspilion itself, but display a greater altitude and vastness of structure. On the summit of this mass are the remains of the ancient city of Bura, which was rebuilt by such of the inhabitants as were absent when the former city, with all its statues and temples, was destroyed by an earthquake; at the same period when Helice, standing upon the beach, was submerged. Ovid erroneously locates Bura in the sea below, along with Helice.<sup>2</sup>

Colonel Leake places Cerynæa in the hollow, to the south of the great rock of Bura, as the latter is approached from the mountains of Arcadia.

<sup>1</sup> From Acrata to Vestizza we were enchanted with romantic scenery—precipitous rocks a thousand feet high astonish the beholder."—H. W. WILLIAMS.

"No part of Achaia abounds so much as this in enchanting localities and picturesque wilds. The concussions of earthquakes, to which this coast has always been subject, and from which it is not yet free, have tossed the surface into a multiplicity of forms, with deep dells and craggy steepes, yawning ravines and cloud-capped precipices."—DODWELL.

"We learn from the researches of M.M. Boblaye and Virlet that the cretaceous system of the Morea is composed of compact and lithographic limestones of great thickness; also of granular limestones with jasper; and in some districts, as in Messina, a pudding stone with a siliceous cement more than 1,600 feet in thickness, belongs to the same group."—LYELL. The rocks of Megaspilion and Bura are of this latter class.

<sup>2</sup> "Si quæras Heliceu et Burin Achaidas urbes,  
Invenies sub aquis;"—MET. lib. 15.

The path thence lies across the spreading torrent of the Selinus, near the edge of the gulf, to the volcanic plain and the town of Vostizza. Helice, Bura, and Ægium<sup>1</sup> were among the twelve ancient cities of Achaia. There is a noble chestnut tree on the beach below the town of Vostizza, perhaps the largest in Greece; though it is a cypher in comparison with the "Cento Cavalli," on Mount Ætna.

The traveller now leaves the sea-side, and pursues his route beneath the wooded heights which continue to flank it on the left, passing a very broad stony water-course, which Dodwell calls the Phœnix of Pausanias, and several rivulets, or water beds, all of which descend from the great mountain Panachaicum,<sup>2</sup> one or two making their appearance from the rocky summits in thin wiry streams, called "magnificent waterfalls" by some writers. Thence over a flat and uncultivated moorland, just above the sea-level, without house or tree, and equally uninteresting to the artist and the antiquarian. The Castles of the Morea and Roumelia, which command the entrance to the gulf, are seen a short distance on the right, and the three pyramidal mountain bluffs on the southern coast of Ætolia project into the sea beyond them. One of the latter, whose sides ascend almost perpendicularly to a vast height, overlooks the swampy district of Missolonghi, and appears not unlike a colossal tumulus, which the British tourist may consecrate to the memory of our great poet who died here in the service of Greek freedom.

"Seek out—less often sought than found—  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best.  
Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest."—BYRON'S *last lines*.

Of Patras little need be said—its antiquities are of no importance, and chiefly Roman. The temples of Pausanias are not to be found; but an old brick wall is shown to the inquisitive as part of the celebrated Odeum. The writer, however, felt no disposition to complain of the dearth of antiquarian and picturesque incident, as he was but too happy to find himself once more in a comfortable and well-provisioned hotel, after the Lenten tour which he had just completed from Athens. Patras appears to be a growing commercial town, and all who wish well to Greece must wish well to Patras on that account, for without commerce Greece can never be anything; therefore Patras must henceforth be one of the "eyes of Greece," and assume the place so long vacated by Corinth.

<sup>1</sup> The ancient Ægium, an Homeric city—according to Pausanias containing many public buildings and temples, all of which are now vanished. In 1817, Vostizza was laid in ruins by a subterranean convulsion.

<sup>2</sup> 6,322 feet above the sea.

## THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

## PLATE XLVIII.—ZANTE.

“Καλὰ πόλις α Ζάκυνθος.”—THEOCRITUS.

“Jam medio apparet fluctu nemorosa Zacynthus.”—VIRGIL.

ZANTE is, perhaps, the most beautiful island in the Mediterranean, and it is as picturesque as it is beautiful.<sup>1</sup>

“Zante, Zante,  
Fior di Levante!”

Its currant grounds are renowned throughout Europe, and the valley in which the fruit is produced is a lovely specimen of rural scenery. The town, which is well built, and has a citadel towering above it in a most commanding position, forms an excellent subject for picture, with a bold mountain headland (Mount Skopus)<sup>2</sup> and distant bay, as viewed from the woody ridge overhanging the noble marine terrace at the end of the quay. The city is said to have been much injured by an earthquake, which occurred shortly after these sketches were taken, when eight human beings were destroyed by the convulsion. The houses, however, are in general strongly built; frequent and long experience having shown the necessity of providing against these calamities. The present town stands on the site of the ancient capital of the island; the antiquities, consequently, as has been observed in former instances, have dwindled into trifling remnants of porticoes and foundations.<sup>3</sup>

The name of the citadel, Pausanias says, was Psophis; for Zacynthus, son of Dardanes, sent Psophidius here with a fleet. It was colonized from Arcadia, and afterwards from Achaia, and formed part of the Athenian rule during the Peloponnesian war. It then fell to Macedon and afterwards to Rome. The island is now under the protectorate of Great Britain.

Zante has the misfortune to stand over that hideous cauldron of fire which, according to Lyell, extends from the pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar)<sup>\*</sup> far away into Syria, and to the shores of the Caspian Sea, and includes Sicily, part of Spain, South Italy, some of the Ionian Islands, with the Cyclades and the Morea. The area extends about six hundred miles from

<sup>1</sup> Wheeler says that the extreme fertility and beauty of Zante obtained for it the name of the Golden Island. Both Homer and Virgil call it “well wooded.”

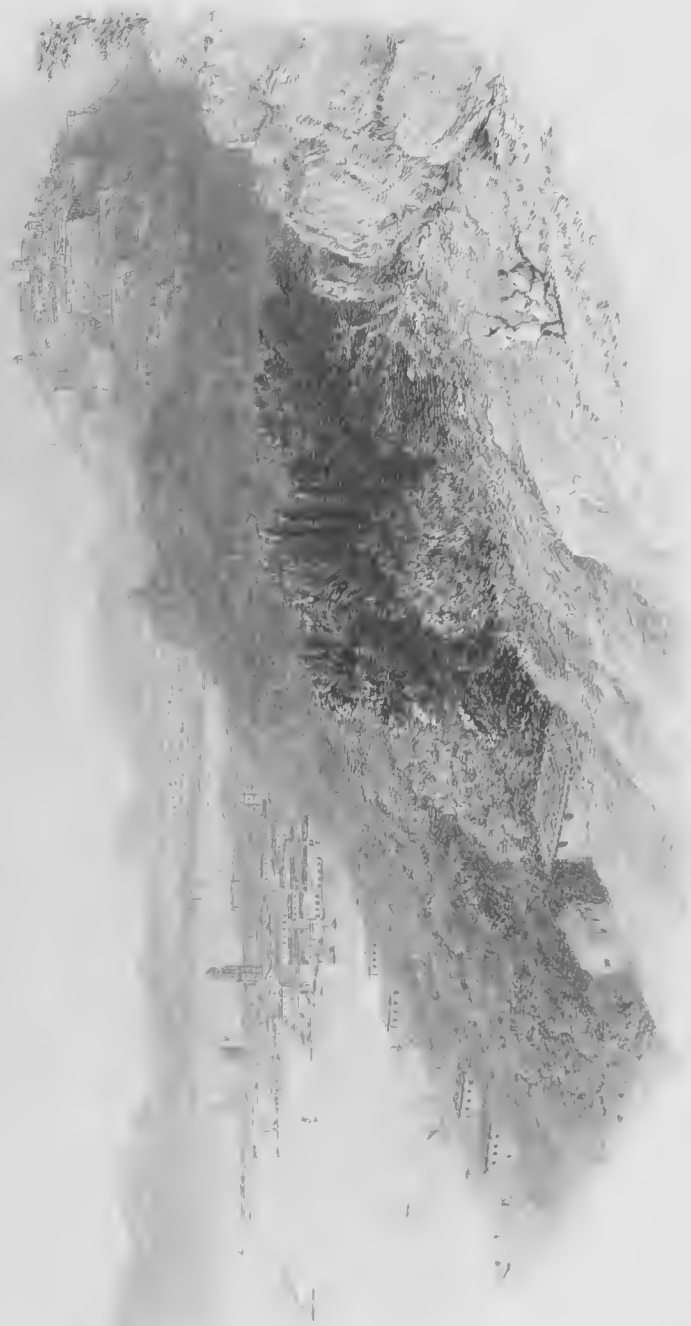
<sup>2</sup> Elatus Ant. 1,509 feet high

<sup>3</sup> Major Rennel remarks that an ancient city in ruins is a quarry above ground.



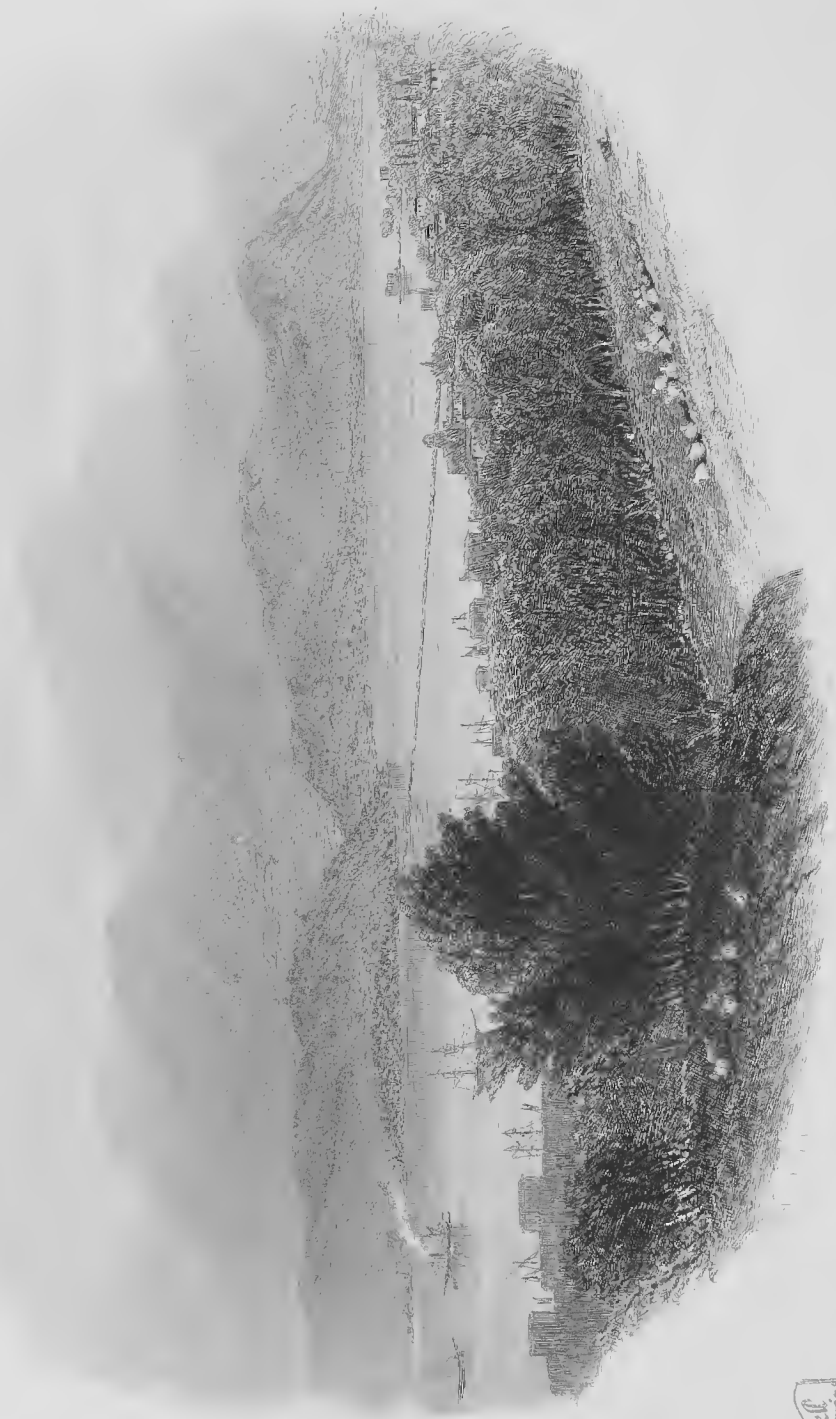












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north to south. Where there is no vent or volcanic crater as a safety valve, as in Greece, earthquakes are more common, and frequently dangerous; but where, as at Naples and in Sicily, the igneous combinations can escape, mischievous land-shocks are much less frequent.<sup>1</sup>

## PLATE XLIX.—CEPHALONIA.

“Κεῖται δὲ Κεφαλληνία κατὰ Ἀκαρνανίαν καὶ Λευκάδα.”—THUCYDIDES.

ANOTHER and the largest of the Ionian islands; being about thirty miles in length, and of considerable, yet very variable, width. The principal town, Argostoli, runs close along the edge of a beautiful bay, formed by a tongue of well cultivated land which juts from the eastern shore of the great estuary at the south of the island.

The cleanliness of the town, the neatness of its habitations, the agreeable promenade along its extensive quay, the excellence of the roads, and the productive appearance of the district around, with a plentiful display of pretty residences along both shores, combine to give the place a tempting appearance to an Englishman, who has but recently completed his Grecian tour; seeming to promise comforts, if not luxuries, to which he has long been a stranger. The drives in the neighbourhood, too, are extensive and interesting; and the antiquities of the island, which are not numerous, generally of easy access. The polygonal walls of Samos (Same) are still to be seen at the head of the bay, beyond the Black mountains<sup>2</sup> on the eastern shores of the island, and opposite to the southern coast of Ithaca, to which

<sup>1</sup> “The tar springs of Zante, although in the present advanced state of geological science they may have ceased to excite astonishment, yet may still be classed among the rare phenomena of the earth. They are indebted, however, for their chief importance, to their classical celebrity, having been visited and described by Herodotus, and noticed by many other writers of antiquity.”—HAWKINS, in *Walpole's Memoirs*.

These springs are about twelve miles distant, near the bay of Chieri, and are among the places selected by the English residents for pic-nics.

It is calculated that about one hundred tons of bitumen are, at this period, annually exported.

“If we now turn our attention to the principal region of the old world, which, from time immemorial, has been agitated by earthquakes, and has given vent at certain points to subterranean fires, we find that it possesses the same general character. This region extends from east to west for the distance of about one thousand geographical miles, from the Caspian sea to the Azores, including within its limits the greater part of the Mediterranean, and its most prominent peninsulas. From south to north, it reaches from about the thirty-fifth to the forty-fifth degree of latitude. Its northern boundaries are Caucasus, the Black sea, the mountains of Thrace, Transylvania, and Hungary,—the Austrian, Tyrolean and Swiss Alps,—the Cevennes and Pyrenees westward, to the north side of the Tagus. Its western limits are the Ocean, but it is impossible to determine how far it may be prolonged in that direction,” nor in the East, beyond the Caspian, being still unexplored. “We learn from Vivenzio, that on the 20th and 26th of March, 1783, earthquakes occurred in the islands of Zante, Cephalonia, and St. Maura: and in the last mentioned isle several public edifices and private houses were overthrown, and many people destroyed. We have already shewn that the Ionian Isles fall within the line of the same great volcanic region as Calabria; so that both earthquakes were probably derived from a common source, and it is not improbable that the bed of the whole intermediate sea was convulsed.”—LYELL'S *Principles of Geology*.

<sup>2</sup> Mount Ænus, *ant.*, on which in ancient times stood a temple of Zeus. The highest summit exceeds 4,000 feet in altitude.





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On its summit was formerly a temple to Apollo ; but its more interesting memories are those which connect it with the fate of the Lesbian poetess, who threw herself from this rock, in despair, after the flight of her lover.<sup>1</sup>

“ O you that love in vain !  
Fly hence ; and seek the far Leucadian main ;  
There stands a rock, from whose impending steep  
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep ;  
There injured lovers, leaping from above,  
Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.—  
Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw  
Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below !”—  
POPE, *from Ovid.*

Midnight found the vessel in the harbour of Santa Maura, with its long causeway stretching across the estuary. Soon after daybreak the rocky island of Paxo, another of the Ionian group, appeared on the left, and the ruined town of Parga was seen beneath the mountains of the mainland on the right, not far from the mouth of the Suli river.

“ Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore  
Exists the remnant of a line  
Such as the Doric mothers bore ;  
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,  
The Heracleidan blood might own.”—  
BYRON'S *Isles of Greece.*

About noon the picturesque Citadel of Corfu came in view, the home of the earliest island naval power of antiquity, now under the protection of the greatest naval power of modern times, itself also an island. The crowded little sea-port soon received the travellers, who found hotels without food,

<sup>1</sup> The beautiful Latin version by Catullus of Sappho's celebrated ode is well-known ; Lucretius has also left us a remembrance of the subject—Ambrose Phillips of Cambridge rendered the ode popular in English octosyllabics ; and Elton in a style of verse somewhat approximating the original. The following attempt was perpetrated near the spot where the dismal tragedy is said to have occurred.

How like a god he seems to me,  
The man who sitteth near to thee  
Enamoured, and who loves to see  
Thee gently smile :  
And hear thy voice attuned so sweet ;—  
'Twas this which made my heart to beat ;  
For, as I look, my words retreat ;  
My voice is gone :  
My tongue doth halt ; a subtle glow  
Along my thrilling nerves doth flow ;  
My eyes grow dim ; with murmurs low  
My ears resound :  
Cold sweaty drops my frame bedew  
A shivering tremor shakes me through,  
My flesh assumes a livid hue,  
My gasping breath is flitting too ;—  
I seem to die.

and restaurants without cleanliness ; where pic-nics seemed to be the only business of the place, and recreation the only subject that was made a study of.

“Edunt, bibunt, ludunt, rident,  
Curâ dignum, nihil vident.”

“They eat, drink, laugh, are still mirth making,  
Nought they see that’s worth care-taking.”—

BARNABEE’S *Itinerarium*.

In ancient records Corfu is celebrated for the gardens of Alcinous,<sup>1</sup> king of the Phæacians, its inhabitants ; also for the shipwreck of Ulysses.

Coreyra was colonized by the Corinthians, B.C. 700, under Chersicrates. Its commerce speedily increased, which led to the foundation of colonies on the opposite shores of Greece, extending its influence so far as to excite the jealousy of the mother country ; when, in 684 B.C., the first naval engagement on record was fought between them. Long afterwards the Coreyrians sought the aid of Athens against Corinth. The island power soon declined from civil dissensions, which gave birth to the most horrible atrocities. Like the rest of Greece it fell to the Romans. It is now the seat of government of the Ionian Islands.

“The few ancient remains at this place,” says Mr. Dodwell, “are of Roman construction, and are neither grand, interesting, nor well preserved : it is vain to search for traces of the numerous temples and public edifices mentioned by Pausanias.”

Since Mr. Dodwell penned the above remarks, an ancient Greek Doric temple has been discovered at Cadnachio (in 1822) which is described and illustrated by Mr. Railton in “Stuart’s Athens.”

Corfu has a very high reputation for the beauty of its situation ; but it would, perhaps, be as well for the security of its good name, in this respect, if it were visited before Zante and the Morea. The island has every appearance of being a delightful residence, and, doubtless, has to boast of English comforts as well as English society, which, with the beautiful Greek mountains in front, a fine bay and climate, and its productiveness as a territory, must have deservedly given it the high reputation which it enjoys among English travellers.

The writer confesses, however, that he experienced but a small share of the comforts alluded to during his short stay in the place, and from society he was entirely shut out, owing to the absence of his baggage, which was left at Athens to be forwarded here, and was still at sea. This contretemps induced him to decline the delivery of his credentials (for

<sup>1</sup> See the 7th Odyssey.

which he was afterwards politely rebuked by the then Lord High Commissioner) until the arrival of the steamer which conveyed his apparel. He was at the same time subjected to an additional disappointment, in the inability to hire either horse or mule to make the island tour, these conveniences being engaged from day to day for the all-absorbing pic-nic parties. This was in the dog-days, when, though an Englishman, he felt no disposition to confirm the reputation which his countrymen had obtained for rivalling the canine tribe in their reckless exposure to the solar influences; yet he did not neglect to avail himself, during the cooler hours, of more than one pedestrian excursion in the neighbourhood, which enabled him to carry away a few recollections of the scenic beauties of the island. The arrival of the steamer and the exhaustion of his patience were contemporaneous: he seized the opportunity, instead of waiting a fortnight for the next, and hurrying on board to his baggage, pursued his course back to Ancona and Rome. On arriving at the former place, however, the sanatory authorities provided him with a very unwelcome opportunity for arranging his sketches and journal, as well as for cooling down the disappointments and excitements of his tour—by a week's incarceration in the Lazaretto!











